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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIX No. 2213 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 20 1942

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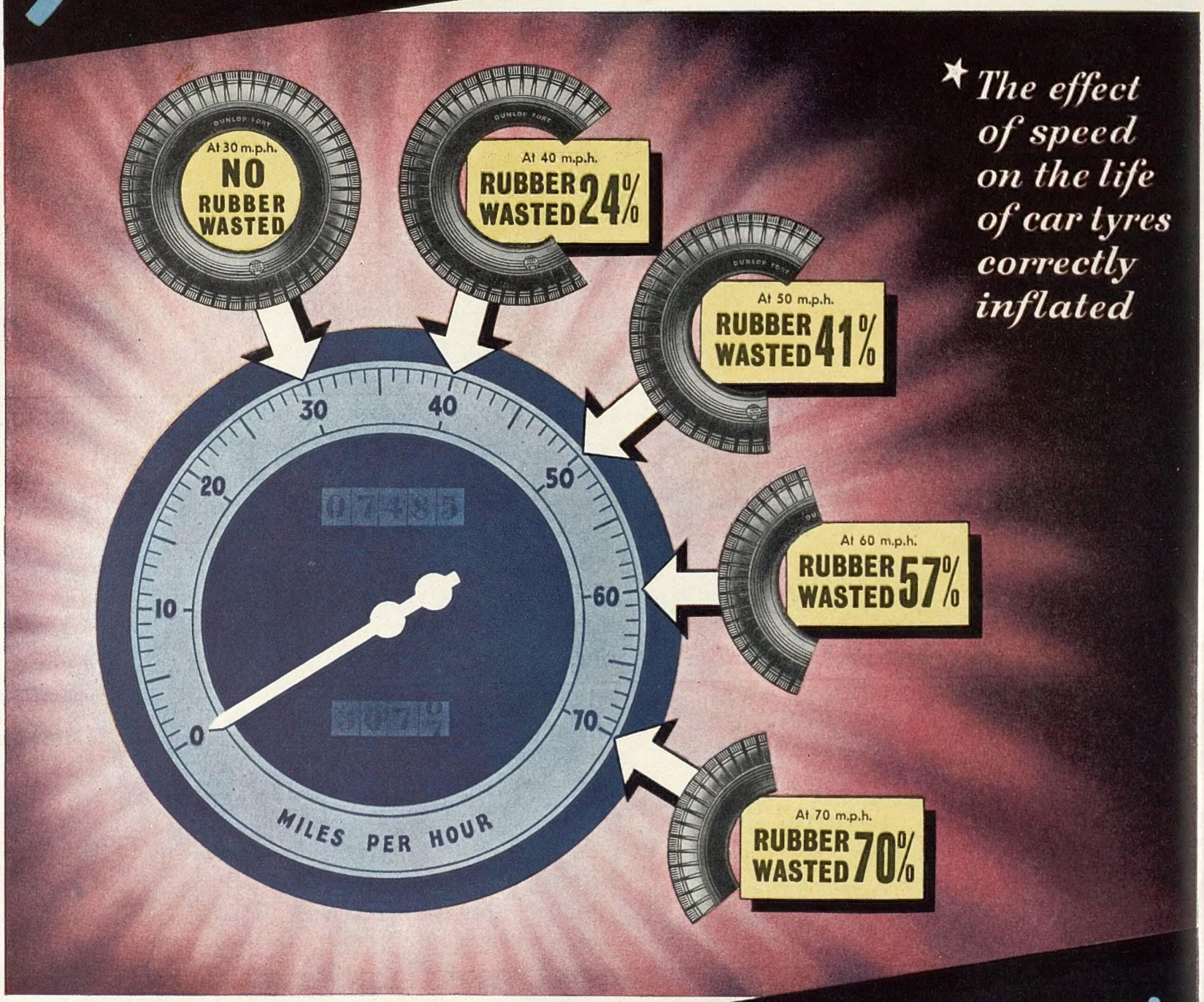

Last Longer

DUNLOP TYRES

Volume CLXIX No. 2213

The SPHERE, London, June 20, 1942

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

DRAMA IN THE DESERT: A GERMAN PRISONER IS CAPTURED ON THE DUN-COLOURED LIBYAN PLAIN, AND IS IMMEDIATELY SEARCHED. One Man goes over the Prisoner for Concealed Arms, whilst his Comrade Covers Him with a Bren Gun

This official photograph from the scene of the heavy fighting in the Western Desert gives a vivid impression of some of the conditions under which our troops have been operating against Rommel. For the most part the battleground has been a flat, featureless plain, swept by sandstorms, and affording but little cover except in specially-prepared positions. The fighting men on both sides have often been without water for long stretches, and the heat has been intense. Many of our own troops, when captured by the Germans, have been disarmed and then set loose again, so that they could regain their comrades : in the desert, the enemy cannot apparently suffer his rapid manœuvre to be hampered by prisoners, who must, of course, be watered and fed. The Eighth Army, on the other hand, can quickly send its prisoners to the rear : the picture above shows the preliminary steps towards this. The German prisoner is being searched for concealed arms, whilst one British soldier covers the captive with his Bren gun to guard against any treachery. Note the top boots of the German, and the cloth covers over the steel helmets of the two Englishmen. (*For further pictures of the Libyan campaign, see also pp. 371-76 of this issue*)

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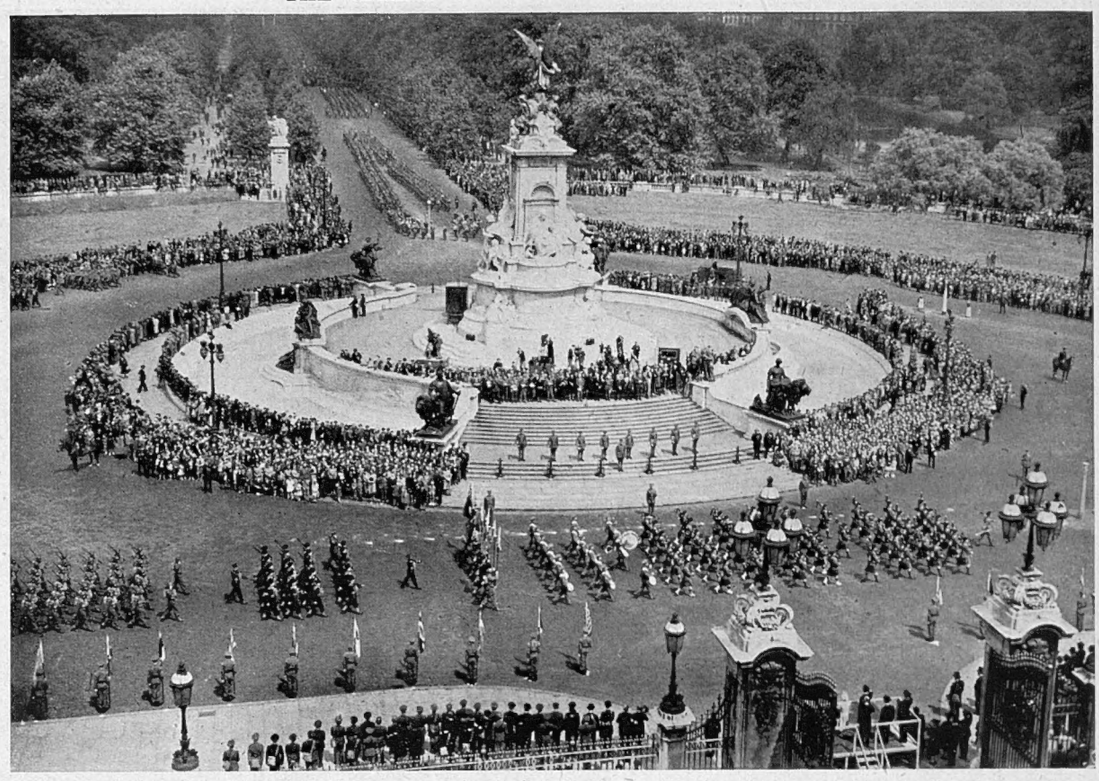
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 146

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Hitler's Dilemma. — The events of a few days (or even hours) may radically alter the position of, and the degree of optimism felt by, one side or the other in this titanic struggle. In the second week of June the position was definitely more favourable for the Allies than they could have expected in May. Hitler was still holding his hand in Russia. Too late this year, his great "spring" offensive of 1942 (which the German people had recently been assured was to settle the Bolshevik score and problem for all time) had still not been launched. And the interesting theory began to be circulated: *Would it fall at all?* Was Hitler veering to the idea of conserving his strength to keep Europe in chains, to bargain with, and to resist Allied assaults on what he holds? In a word, not to repeat Ludendorff's error in 1918? Things in the second week of June had definitely gone awry for the Axis. Rommel's offensive had failed of its first objective and, whatever the full result of the "Cauldron" battle, the losses incurred by the Nazis would require time for reorganisation before another assault on Egypt could hope for success. Meanwhile, Europe's harvest was ripening and the Allies' harvest of steel also. Then, again, the enslaved nations showed no signs of accepting slavery and giving in to mass murder and reprisal. Heydrich's death was a jolt and a deterrent. Appeasement is not in the German nature, and in any case it is too late to try it anywhere in Europe. But it was now clear even to Hitler that no new order could come out of brutality and terror, and that secret promises of slices of each other's territory were not going to keep even the Balkan pawns much longer obedient to the requirements of a Greater Germany. France, too, was not moving under Laval any more quickly in the desired direction. There is no better propaganda for keeping shrewd time-servers and nimble accountants sitting on the fence than a resounding week of Allied successes and blows or a week empty of Axis triumphs. The great thousand-bomber raids, the pinning-down of Rommel, the clearly notable defeat of a powerful Japanese naval force off Midway Island, the continued postponement of the great offensive in Russia—these facts spoke in the clearest and loudest possible way to every doubter in the Axis ranks, and to every doubter in the Allied ranks, for that matter. In the second week of June 1942 the remaining fence-sitters felt no call to put a foot down on the Axis side of the field—and in the Reich itself the doom of Cologne was written on the walls of every great city in Germany. Germany somehow in a night had shrunk in size. Two-thousand-, three-thousand-bomber raids were no fantastic boasts in a war of nerves, but items on the programme for the autumn of 1942. But if the Führer should decide to keep his armies intact in order to preserve his present gains, how would he explain away his clear promise to liquidate the Russian nuisance this year? A resort to diplomacy again?

Intensive Training. — In the past fortnight the Home Guard has learned a lot. Its intensive-training fortnight found the Home Guard units in town and country just about ripe for good reception. The earlier volunteer labourers in the vineyard were ripe for this intensive fortnight, and they nobly responded by piling overtime on overtime. Yes, it was an orgy of work. In my area, hay harvest was on, and the heavy strain of hoeing sugar-beet under a gruelling sun never slackened. A majority of our men worked on the farms in sweltering weather from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day of the week, and somehow found time for two hours' intensive military training most nights with their affiliated regular platoon camped in their village. Whenever possible the military training was carried on into the short hours of darkness and there was no rest (on the contrary!) on Saturday afternoons or Sundays. The spirit of all concerned prevented exhaustion-point from being reached. Some of these training units themselves arrived on the scene of their labours pretty "far through." They came fresh (save the mark!) from manœuvres, and some of the Home Guard learned for the first time what modern training of regulars implies to-day. It is the image of war with perhaps 5 per cent. of its danger, but with 95 per cent. of its demand on physical endurance. In its stress and strain, a modern field exercise is total war, and no elaboration of physical testing is forgotten. We learned a lot by precept, practice and example. I don't regret that fortnight. The Home Guard is to-day a force to be reckoned with. Better still, it begins to be aware of the fact. For the first time (as I think) since the Home Guard was embodied, it and the Regular Army became aware of each other's existence, and of the existence of a common system of defence into which each dovetails and which both are required to complete and render efficient, a proposition unattainable without frequent contact in training and consultation.



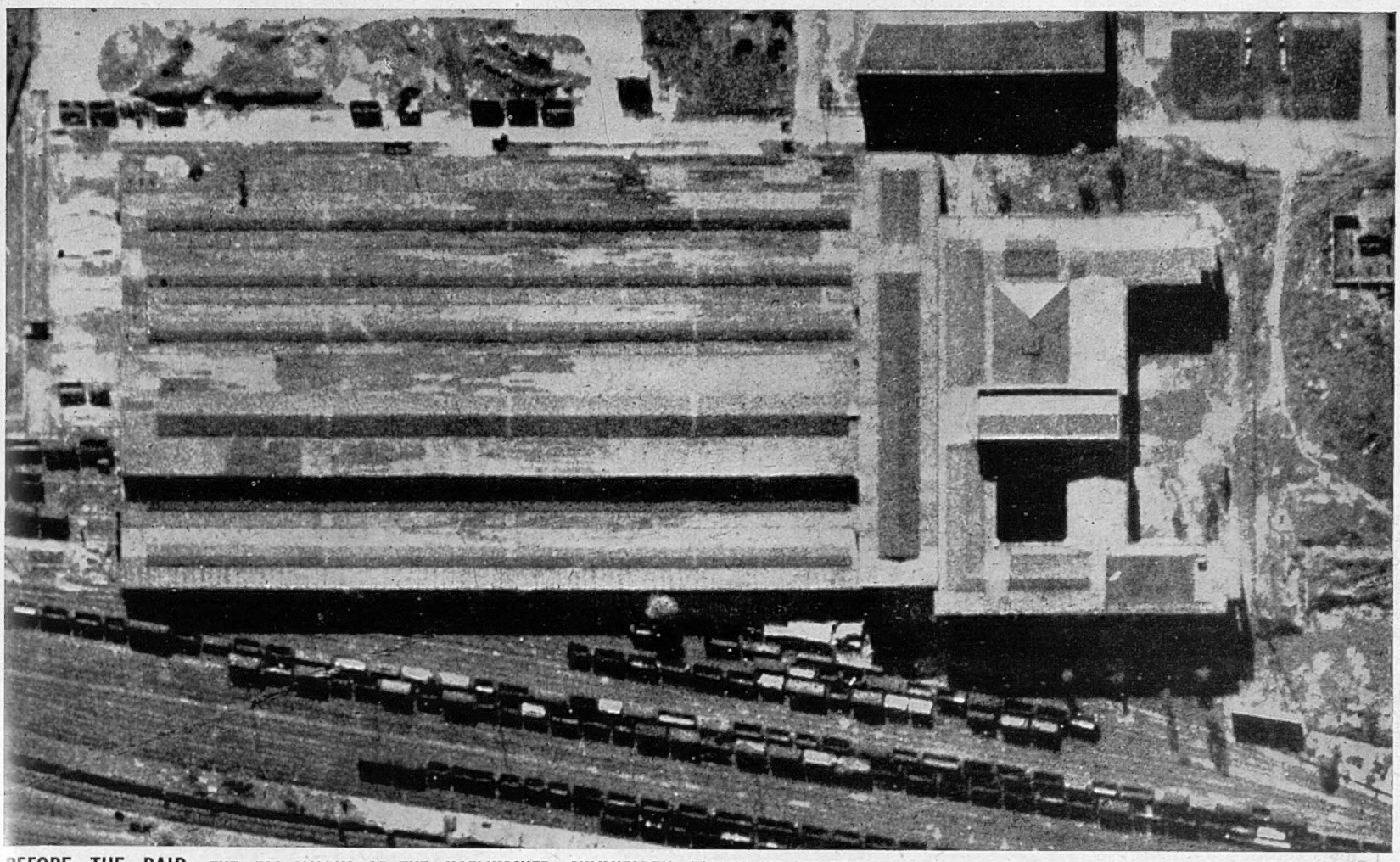
THE SCENE IN FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE during the United Nations' Day celebrations on Sunday last—This was the most impressive parade of the war, when the banners of twenty-two nations were unfurled in front of the Palace as the King and Queen, and British and Allied war leaders witnessed the great procession. A large crowd had assembled despite the absence of publicity, and they received the Royalties present with acclamation

Camouflage. — I have been studying camouflage, as my military duty, such as it is, requires. The word is quite a new one. It has no place in the Oxford Dictionary, nor in my Wessely's French dictionary. I take it to be derived from *camouflet*, a whiff of smoke in the face, a *smoke-screen*. I may be wrong. Its modern technique in war is basically a copy from Nature—the stripes of the zebra are given him to preserve his life by making him invisible in his natural surroundings. That is why those stripes confuse and do not *outline* its shape or form. Like all new words incorporated into a military dictionary, camouflage has rapidly expanded its meanings. It is already a portmanteau, or an expanding suit-case. Propaganda is another ugly, modernish word, and it, too, has come to mean camouflage, or *vice versa*. But propaganda-camouflage may be overdone and lead to confusion in the ranks of friend and foe alike. The Russians, for instance. They know their enemy and know their own business best. No device is to be rejected against an enemy as dishonest and vile as the Nazis, if it counters Nazi ruthlessness. But it is arguable that the smoke-screen thrown by propaganda-camouflage over the Russian battlefields may confuse both friend and foe. Our job is to feed Russia and help her by every means in our power. To do that, we must have the *truth* ever before our eyes, and the gravity of the situation constantly impressed on us. The Russians know this, and their habit seems to be to interrupt the camouflage campaign at intervals and then to put out a careful, studied estimate of "business done" which sets the Nazi fables in a right perspective. When both sides vie with each other in extravagant claims and in extravagant concealment, the fog of war hangs so heavily over the field that the truth is obscured and the boasts are remembered. We get too cheerful a picture. It would be a pity if in that vital, vast struggle of Titans, the watching world should give diminishing credence to the progress claims of either side. In short, camouflage should imitate, not contradict, the sheer common sense of Nature, and we recognise in the Russian form two types, only one of which is intended to tickle Allied palates.

Petrol Rationing—the Time Factor.—When I reflect on the wicked waste of petrol suffered to continue for two full years of war in the generous allowances, basic and special, granted to civilians (and military) for quite unnecessary purposes, I make a mental calculation of what it cost us in invaluable human lives and tankers. And then I remember how, in all our national or official "sudden conversions," there is no *even mean*. We switch always from heresy to "true-faith fanaticism." We are fanatics now. Everyone who asks for petrol is suspect. What the authorities in their tardy conversion to saving petrol do not realise is the astonishing change in the *time factor* after two years of war. The "unforgiving minute" to-day is incapable of forgiving. If you lose half an hour, you can never make it up. Your programme is botched. With the withdrawal of domestic labour in and outside the house, the average householder or housewife has doubled and trebled the day's essential duties. A man who is a Home Guard commander, a magistrate, a salvage officer, with a dozen minor war jobs, is also his own gardener (two acres of vegetables need some labour at this time), his own "odd-man." He may have his own profession to follow, once considered a "full-time job." He applies for petrol, say for the Bench. He is told that he could go by bus. The bus leaves his nearest call point (one and a half miles away) at 9 a.m. His Bench sits at 11 a.m. in the local town. He can catch a bus back at 3 p.m. Thus he is expected to waste six vital hours of his day on what, by car, he can do in two and a half hours. How can he make up the lost time? This is blind fanaticism.

Canada.—Last April I wrote a short note in the "Newsletter" on Canada's war effort. At that time it seemed to me one of the brightest spots and most hopeful auguries in a dark hour. The hour is brighter now; a little brighter. Canada's war effort is still waxing, still an inspiration and a bright spot in a brighter dawn. Two months after my April article was printed, I received from Montreal a letter of thanks for it from a librarian of a great bank. She had republished it in her *Library Notes*, and thanked me for it very courteously. But she added: "We are not accustomed to receiving such praise in Canada, and it has a very inspiring effect." There is something wrong here. Why is not Canada accustomed to receive the praise of Britain? Wherever I go, I learn that Canada's effort is fully appreciated over here, and our words of praise are not stinted among ourselves. Perhaps the M.O.I. would see what they can do to give it wings over the Atlantic. I can think of no more useful item of sane propaganda than passing across what is not only truth, but for once pleasant and inspiring truth. As an old dug-out Home Guardsman, I have of late had additional pleasant proof of the virtues and energy and enthusiasm of Canadians. Some of her splendid troops have been intensively engaged in training my rheumatic fingers to fight modern war. And I take off my battered hat to the skill, the keenness, the sense and relevance, the imaginative, business-like way in which they have done the job.

THE OLD STAGER



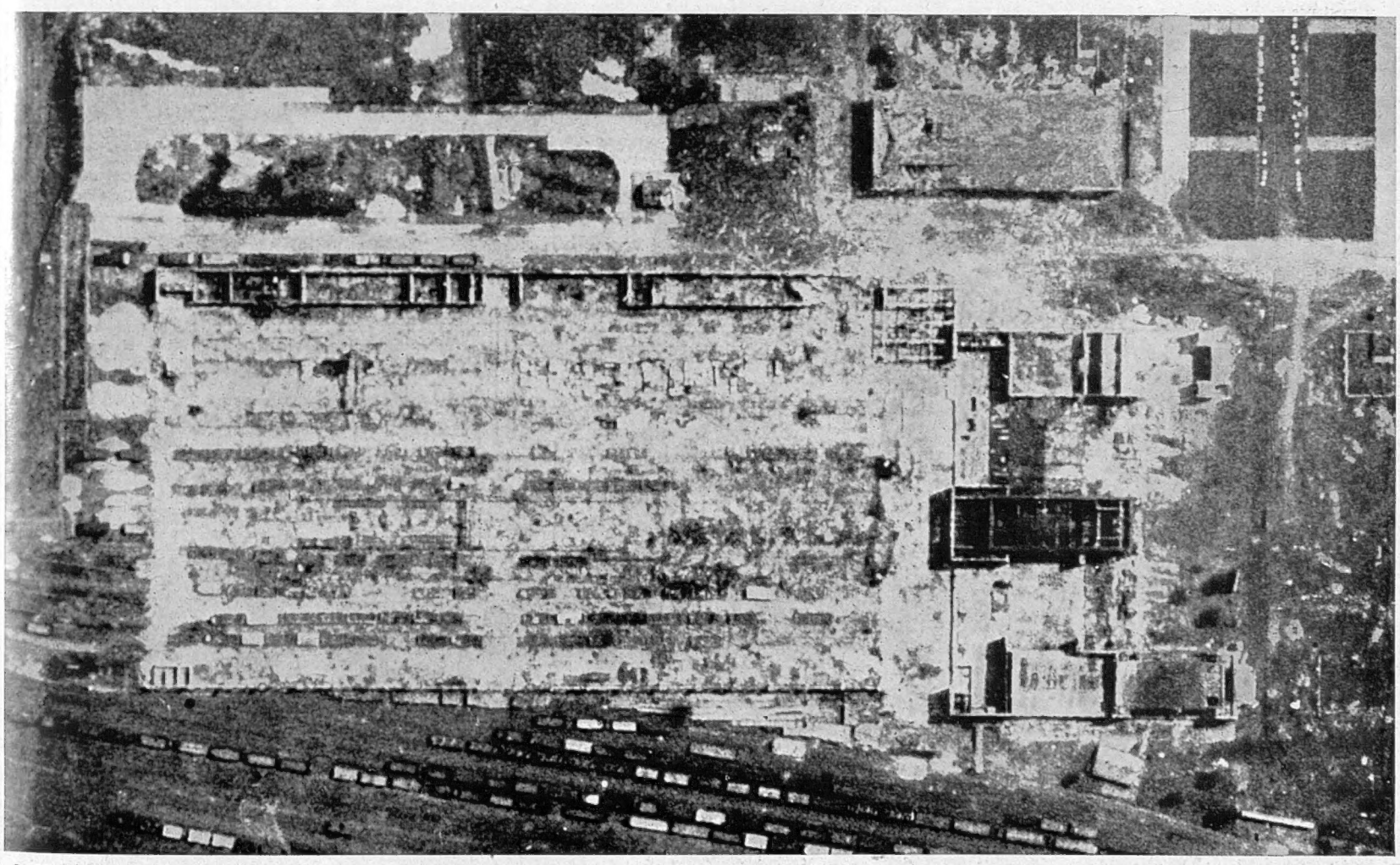
BEFORE THE RAID—THE BIG WORKS OF THE KOELNISCHER GUMMIFADEN FABRIK AT DEUTZ, a suburb of Cologne on the east bank of the Rhine. This factory made tyres and inner tubes for German Army lorries and motor-cars. Its importance and size may be gauged by the number of railway sidings nearby

THE BOMBING OF COLOGNE

What a Study of the R.A.F. Reconnaissance Pictures has Revealed of the Damage

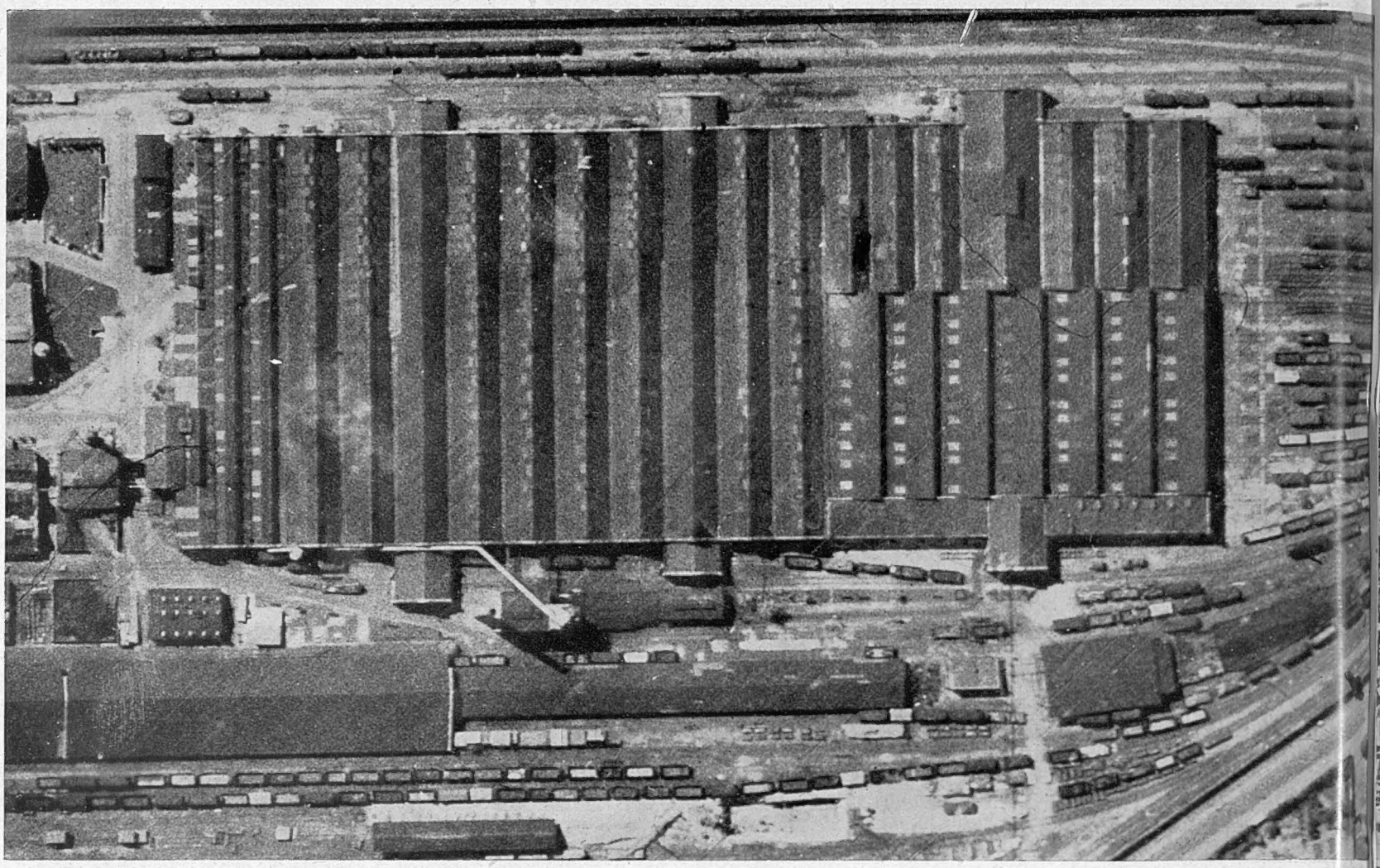
Further pictures on the following pages

Since the publication of the first pictures of the havoc wrought by the R.A.F. in Cologne, a detailed interpretation has been possible of the reconnaissance pictures. Air Ministry experts have now declared that the damage was immeasurably greater than anything yet done to any German city. Not only have large areas of the city been devastated—including public and administrative buildings and business premises—but industrial and residential property in the suburbs has also been seriously damaged by fire and high-explosive. Devastation in the centre of the city covers approximately 300 acres (roughly half the area covered by Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens combined); but, in the western suburbs and in the industrial areas on the east bank, particularly heavy damage has also been wrought. It is estimated that 250 factory buildings and workshops have been either wiped out or seriously wrecked: and there was much destruction among railway communications. The factory shown in the *upper* of the two pictures on this page was situated at Deutz, on the right bank of the Rhine facing Cologne, (with which it was incorporated in 1888). Near this point is the famous Hohenzollern Bridge which carries the railway line across the river. This busy factory is now in complete ruin. There is no need to stress—in words—the damage wrought: above is the factory as it *was*, and below is the picture of what it is to-day!



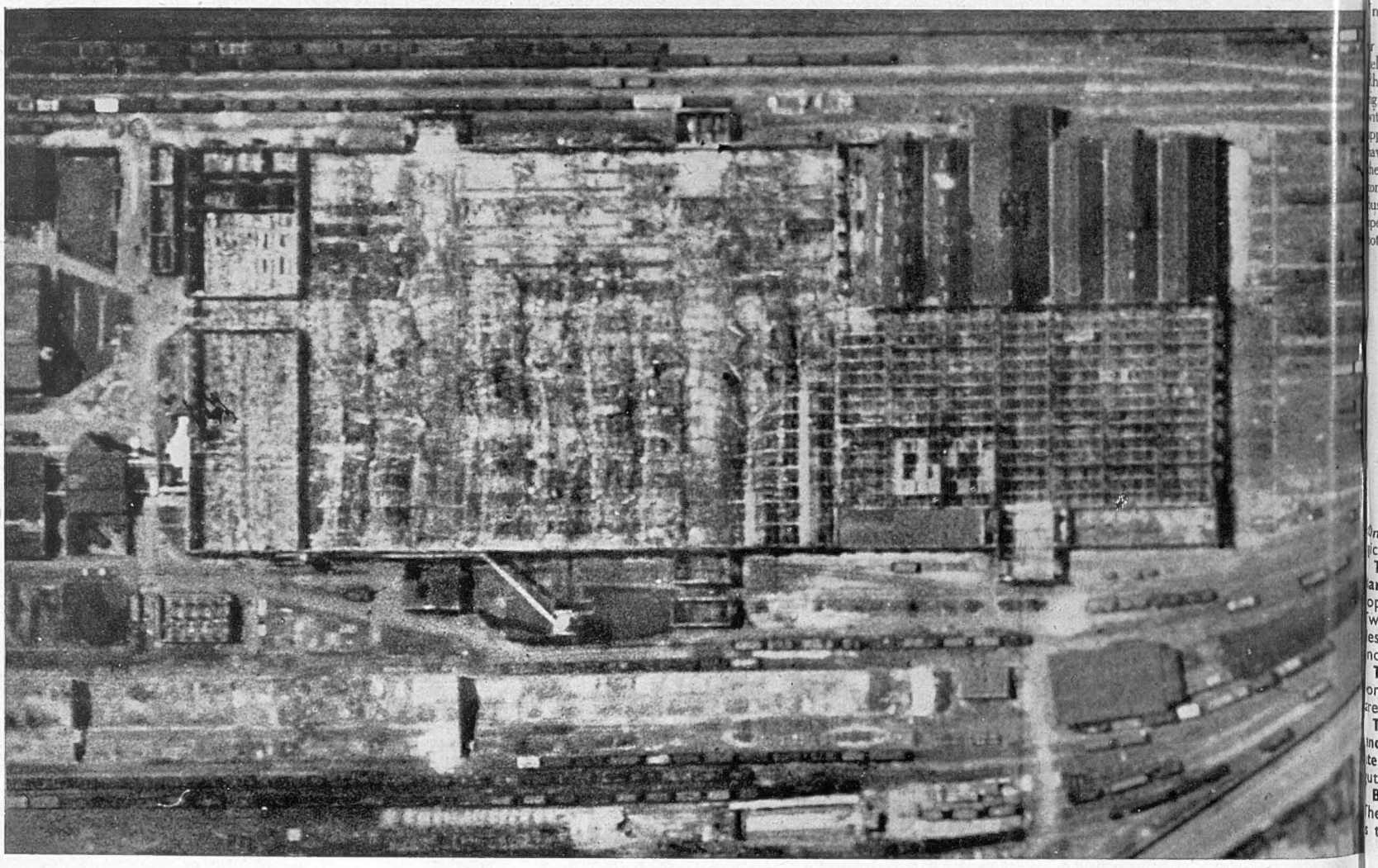
AFTER THE RAID—TO-DAY THE FACTORY NO LONGER EXISTS: IT HAS BEEN RAZED TO THE GROUND—LITERALLY. This was, however, only a small part of the damage wrought by the R.A.F. on the night of May 30. It is estimated that more than 250 factory buildings and workshops have either been wiped out or seriously wrecked in the one raid: and the damage was not confined to factories alone, as other structures such as police headquarters, administrative buildings, railways, etc., were also involved

THE BOMBING OF COLOGNE *(continued)*



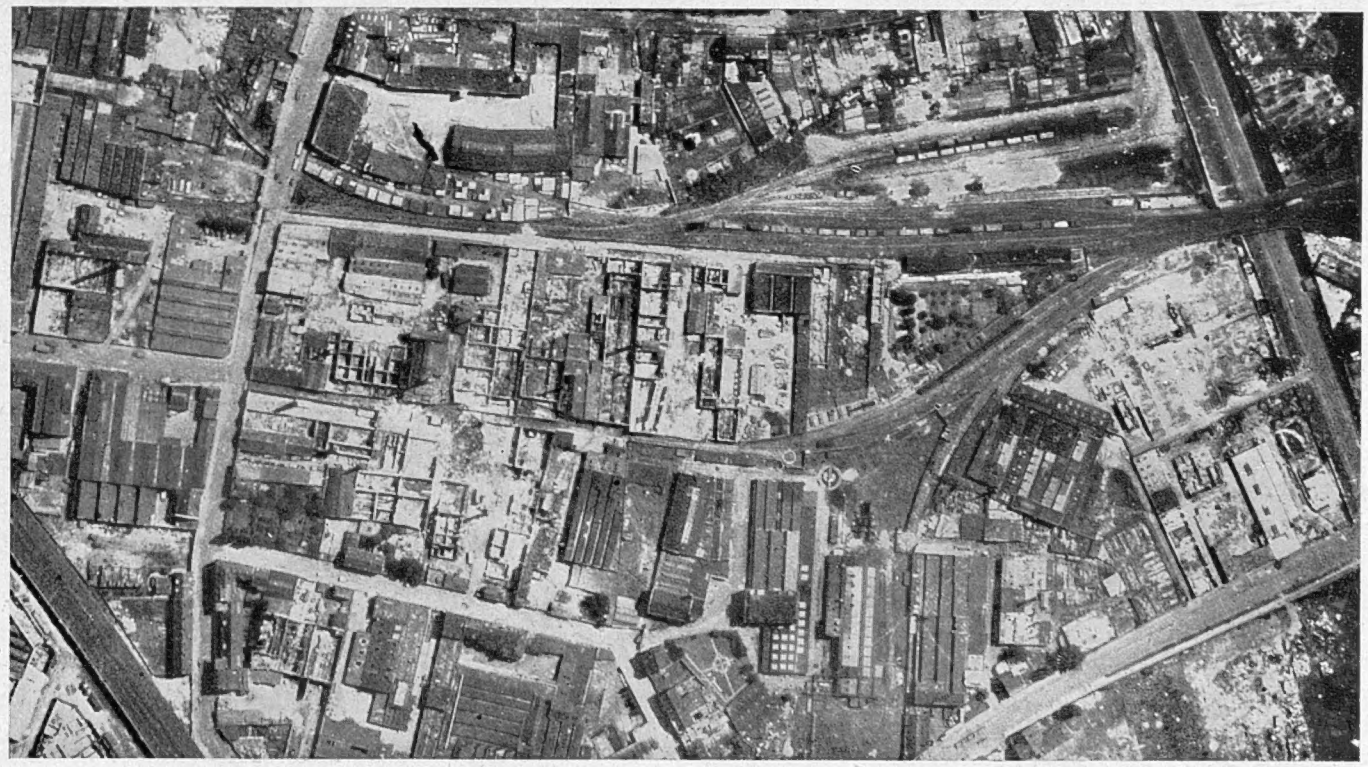
ANOTHER SET OF "BEFORE-AND-AFTER" PICTURES: To the north of Cologne lies the great industrial suburb of Nippes (now a part of the city): Here are two pictures of the great Koln-Nippes railway workshops, taken before and after the 1,000-Bombers Raid. Hardly a roof is intact: walls, machines, factories—all have gone as a result of the concentrated battering by the R.A.F. And Germany's already overtaxed transport system will suffer still further as a result

Cologne is far more than an old city, with great historical associations: it is the third city in the Reich; a great railway junction; a river port through which passes a vast volume of traffic, and—above all—a huge industrial area. It is surrounded by factories in great numbers and of the highest importance to the country's war effort A long list issued by the Air Ministry details those which have been destroyed or damaged as a result of the first 1,000-Bombers Raid on May 30. This information has been obtained from actual photographs, which have now been interpreted by R.A.F. experts. In the case of the pictures given on the preceding page, and on this, very little "interpretation" was, indeed, necessary! The railway systems of Germany are already gravely overstrained: the destruction of the great Koln-Nippes railway workshops will add to the transport problems of the Reich. There can be little question of repair—at least during this war: the damage wrought is too great for that. In Cologne itself, there are a number of devastated areas: the railway inspectorate and administration offices and several other large buildings are severely damaged. Engine sheds and passenger storage sidings have been affected; branch lines have been hit; sheds have been demolished and trucks scattered; and track and embankment works have been damaged by direct hits. And all this is only a part of the complete story



THE DEVASTATION IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF COLOGNE: Here the R.A.F. have destroyed public and administrative buildings, business premises, warehouses, postal and telegraph offices and—the Police Headquarters! The area of devastation shown in this picture lies on the west bank of the Rhine in the "Old City" between the Hohenzollern Bridge and the South Bridge. The Cathedral (in the right-hand corner) is one of the few buildings in this particular area which has escaped damage. In the foreground is the Rhine

In the extreme right-hand corner, the curving railway tracks are those leading from the main station behind the Dom, the Cathedral, over the Hohenzollern Bridge (which lies just below the picture): at the extreme left is the entrance to the Rhein-Hafen, a busy river harbour. From the Dom on the right all along the river, are ruined buildings and houses—with their roofs either burnt off or blasted: the damage here appears to be heavy, as doubtless many of these buildings will have to suffer demolition. Around the Cathedral, in particular, the damage is heavy—this area comprised part of the inner business centre of Cologne. The open space in the centre of the bottom half of the picture is the Heumarkt, one of the largest squares, with a monument to Frederick William III: on the right of this (denoted by a cluster of trees) is the Alter-markt. From just above the Cathedral, running in a continuous line to the left, is the narrow Hohe-Strasse, chief business street in the Old Town: it continues in the broader Severin-Strasse, which runs out of the picture to the left. In the latter, just opposite the building which juts out like an island, is the Markt-Halle; it and the buildings around have suffered badly. But a close inspection, indeed, reveals that there are very few areas which have not suffered! There can be little doubt but that the Civil Defence organisations of Cologne were overwhelmed by the weight of the attack. Not all the damage in this picture has been caused by blast from high-explosive bombs: a good proportion was caused by fire, as the result of incendiaries. Small wonder that the *Koelnische Zeitung* some days after the raid declared woefully that "one night of terror completely changed for us the town's well-known face"



In right—Included within the picture are the following:
The **Elektra - Stahldraht** Fabrik, which produced steel ropes for industrial purposes. Twenty of its buildings were destroyed by high explosives and by fire.
The **A.G. Culkan** (machine construction). Three buildings are gutted.
The **Ehnag Elektra-Hoch-und-Neuderspannungs Appar-ate.** Seven buildings are gutted.
Bruno Lampel (dye-stuffs). The part of the factory shown is two-thirds destroyed.

AN INDUSTRIAL AREA IN THE EHRENFELD DISTRICT, on the south-west side of the city: most of the buildings over an area of 1,500 yards by 440 yards have been severely damaged here (see notes at left)

The SIGNING of the ANGLO-RUSSIAN PACT

Pictures of M. Molotov's Visit to Britain and the Scenes at the Foreign Office and at No. 10, Downing Street at the Signing of the Twenty Years' Treaty with the Soviet

M. MOLOTOV, RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, lands on a Northern aerodrome after his safe flight in a huge, four-engined Soviet bomber from Russia to the United Kingdom

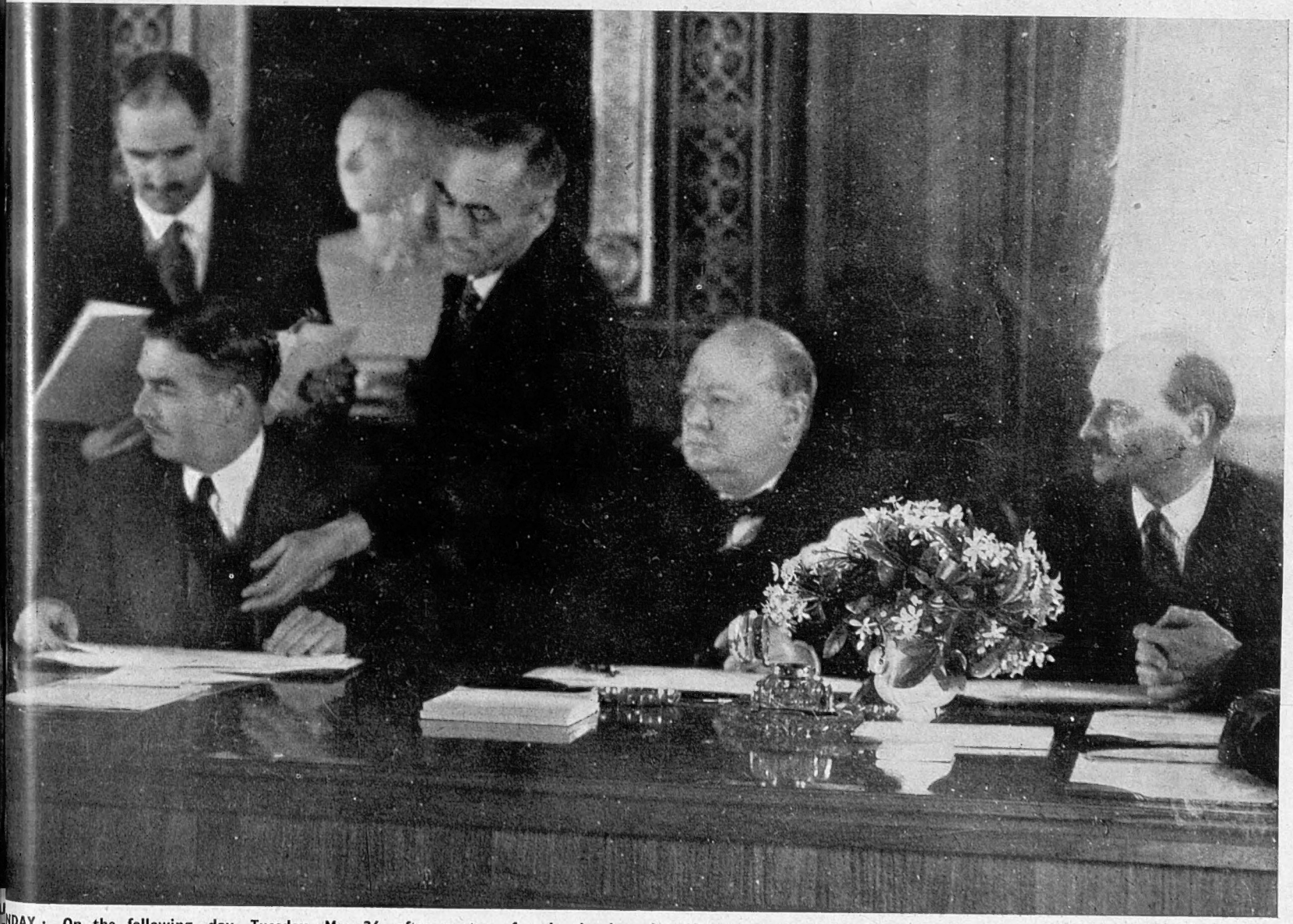
THE RUSSIAN COMMISSAR IS GREETED ON ARRIVAL BY A SENIOR AIR FORCE OFFICER: Note the heavily-padded flying suit and the warm flying boots worn during M. Molotov's passage by air. Behind are members of the Soviet bomber's crew

On the morning of May 20 a giant Russian aircraft alighted in North Britain: it bore M. Molotov Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs; M. Sabolev, of the Moscow Foreign Office; Lieut.-General Shelevski, Major-General Isayev, and a number of others. The party was met by high R.A.F. officers and by M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador: soon all were on their way south. M. Molotov stayed at Chequers, but paid six visits to London on successive days. By Tuesday, May 26, the Anglo-Russian Treaty of Mutual Aid was signed between the two countries at the Foreign Office—M. Molotov signing for Russia, and Mr. Eden for Britain. Very shortly after, the Soviet Minister had left for Washington, where he saw President Roosevelt. The signing of the Pact has caused satisfaction throughout the United Nations, and dismay in Germany and her satellite States. During the war, and for a minimum period of twenty years, the Pact will operate between the two countries, cementing the new friendship between the Powers which will have to operate the affairs of Europe after the defeat of the Nazi party

MR. CHURCHILL WITH M. MOLOTOV as they stepped out on to the terrace of No. 10, Downing Street. Behind is M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador. This picture was taken after a lunch given by Mr. Churchill in M. Molotov's honour

FINAL AGREEMENT ON THE TREATY WAS REACHED ON THE AFTERNOON OF WHITSU... Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and by Mr. Anthony Eden

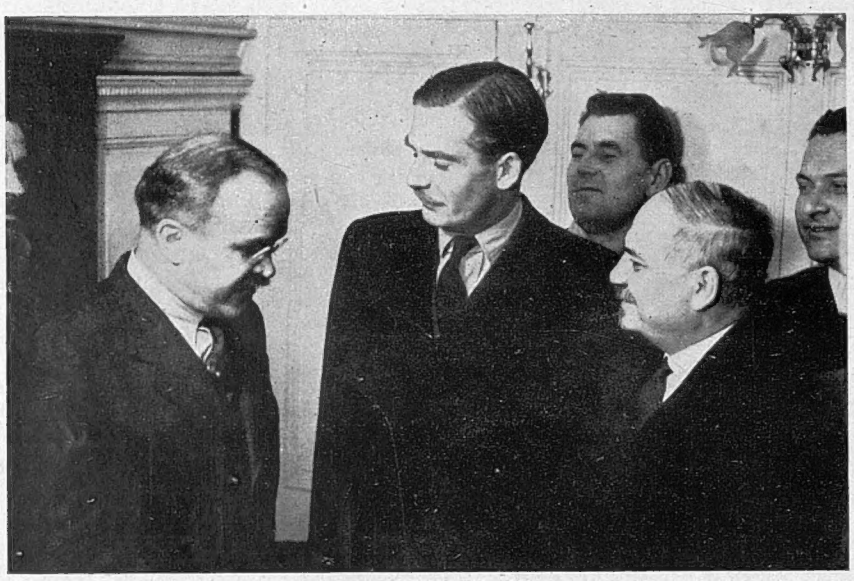
N THE TERRACE OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET AFTER THE PRIME MINISTER'S LUNCH IN M. MOLOTOV'S HONOUR: From left to right are: M. Maisky; M. Molotov; Mr. Clement Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister; Mr. Oliver Lyttelton (now in the United States); Mr. Winston Churchill; and Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary



NDAY: On the following day—Tuesday, May 26—after a stay of only six days in this country, the Pact was signed at the Foreign Office by M. Molotov, tish Foreign Secretary. This was the scene at the Foreign Office as M. Molotov signed, watched by Mr. Eden, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee

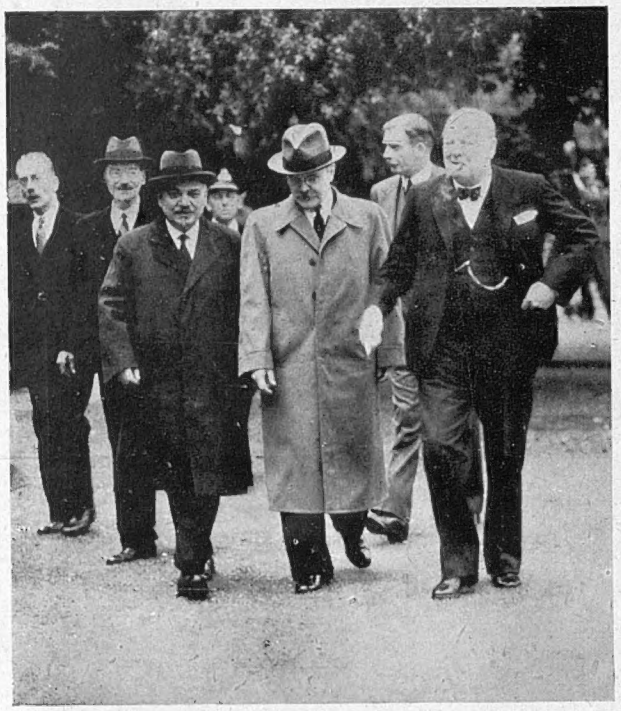
THE SIGNING OF THE PACT—*(continued)*

AFTER THE PACT HAD BEEN SIGNED : Our distinguished Russian visitor, with Mr. Churchill and M. Maisky, in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street. Included in this picture is Dr. Evatt, Australia's Representative in Britain (with felt hat in hand). On the extreme right, behind Mr. Eden, is Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. M. Molotov arrived in this country on May 20

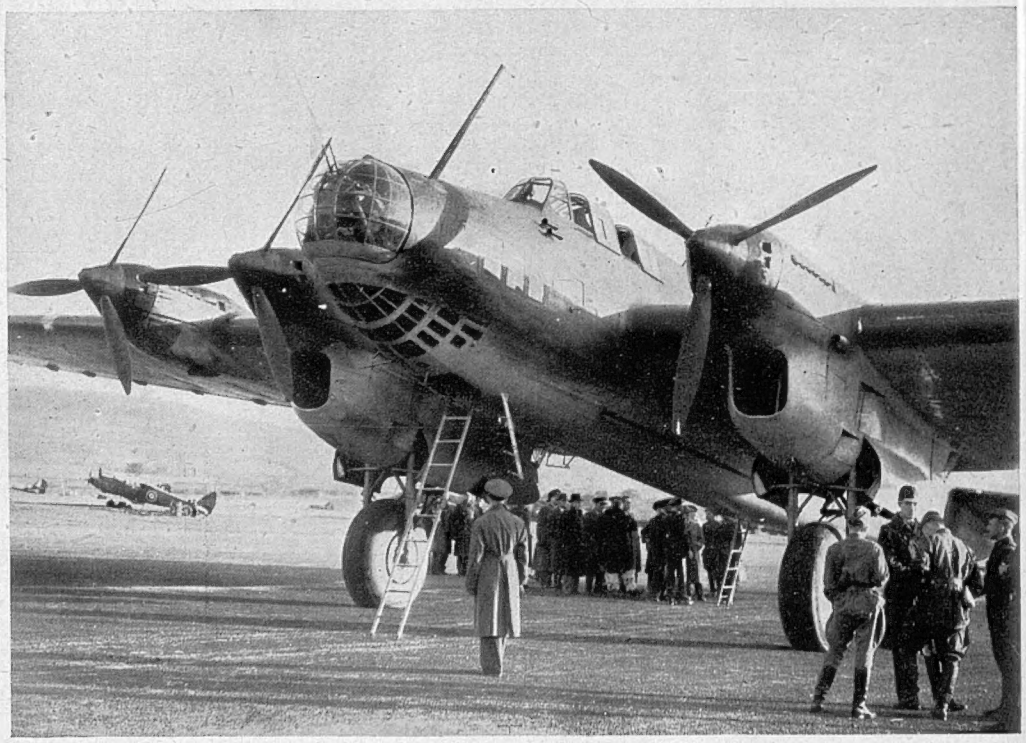


THE TWO FOREIGN MINISTERS MEET AGAIN : M. Molotov is greeted by Mr. Anthony Eden, who had previously met him during his visit to Russia some months ago

MR. ANTHONY EDEN SIGNS FOR GREAT BRITAIN, and is watched by the smiling Prime Minister. Six times M. Molotov motored from Chequers to London to meet Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill to discuss the Treaty in all its aspects



THE FOUR MEN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE TREATY, and who thus cemented Anglo-Russian mutual aid for the war and for a period of twenty years



THE HUGE AND POWERFUL FOUR-ENGINED SOVIET BOMBER which brought M. Molotov to the United Kingdom : A picture taken on the Scottish landing-ground after its arrival, with Russian and R.A.F. personnel in conversation on the right. This big aircraft is the first Soviet fighting unit ever seen in Britain. It was described by an R.A.F. officer as an "eye-opener." The Russian crew was a large one, and all the work of overhauling the aircraft was performed by them

COLOGNE—The City that has "Gone for Ever"

A Description, from Personal Experience, of the Period when Cologne—the Recent Centre of Our Heaviest Attack Yet—was Occupied by the Army of the Rhine After the Last War, Right Up to the Year 1926; and How the German Populace Responded to the British Domination

HOW many of the R.A.F. who flew in their legion above Cologne in the early morning of June 1, 1942, are aware that twenty-three years ago British troops occupying that city shared their rations with the local inhabitants and then demanded that these be fed, blockade or no blockade? And that General Plumer so advised the Peace Conference that the civilians of Cologne were given a special foodstuffs grant, although the war had been over only a few weeks?

Described by
FERDINAND TUOHY

THE COMMERCIAL HEART OF THE RHINELAND, and the third city in modern Germany. This is the centre of the Old Town and the business quarter of Cologne: right in the centre is the famous Cathedral, unharmed (except for blast) during the terrific onslaught by the R.A.F., despite its proximity to the strategically important railway station on the right. In the background stretch the city's vast industrial areas

The great bombing must have evoked many memories among those who served with the British Army of the Rhine or became its camp-followers—at one time these attained 8,000—but the events of "Black February" 1919 and of the succeeding months will no doubt return most vividly.

When our advance guard entered Cologne on December 6, 1918, the population experienced relief. The city had been through a spell of anarchy and looting. Sailors began it, then self-demobilised Fieldgreys took up the hooliganism and mob violence. The practical, stolid Kölner saw in the British a guarantee of safety and it helped them over their wounded pride. On top of this, the evident good nature of the incoming conqueror, the impression of courtesy and the absence of all revengeful spirit, came as a surprise to these Rhinelanders.

The weather was cold, grey and wet, and G.H.Q., installed in the Hotel Excelsior on the Domplatz, saw to it that the initial atmosphere was of like texture. A few brigades were holding a perimeter enclosing a defeated population of over 1,000,000, pending the arrival of the occupying army of 300,000, and severe control and restrictions made "Jerry" wince. Severe? Compare them with the Heydrich counterpart to-day:

"Seven p.m. curfew; permits to circulate necessary for all; no one to leave his or her district without permission; no telephoning; Press and postal censorship; compulsory registration; public meetings and motor-cars by authority only; trial by court-martial; door lists of occupants within; Greenwich time." The Kölner most resented the door lists ("as if a household had the plague").

As a matter of fact, that first Christmas was almost as trying for the troops, who resented so much being out of bounds, including Fräulein, and waxed angry at a radical shortage of seasonable "vittels." The Army food situation grew steadily worse through a dismal, bleak January. The troops saw themselves deprived at a moment when England was almost visibly expanding on the strength of processional foodships. The men were sure that the blighters down at the base were the prime culprits, and matters became aggravated by the growing plight of the civilian population.

The Germans, by outward appearance, didn't seem to have done so badly on *ersatz* everything up to the time of the British arrival. But since then, hardly any food had entered the truncated Rhineland. All Germany was feeling the pangs of hunger, owing to the decision to continue the blockade, but the Rhenish provinces were in worst case through being thrown entirely on their own resources. As February drew on, civilian Cologne's rationing, per adult per week, was: bread, 4½ lb.; meat, 7 ozs.; butter, 2 ozs.; fat, 1 oz.; coffee, 2 ozs.; jam, 7 ozs. Our medical branch pronounced the bread unfit for human consumption. There was as good as no fuel to sustain bodily warmth, and especially the case of the women and children—no milk—was all too pitiable. It was the nadir of our Occupation, Cologne in the depths. There was next to no work; trade was at a standstill; and 25,000 unemployed aimlessly roamed the streets. Only the beer and cigar places still flourished garishly. White faces on all sides. Hardly any lighting. Towards the end of February Berlin demanded 2,500,000 tons of foodstuffs, failing which it would decline to hand over the German mercantile marine. The demand was refused, and, the blockade continuing to have its full effect, the British Army of Occupation decided to take matters into its own hands. Skimped though they were themselves, our men began feeding the German women and children surreptitiously. Authority didn't like this because it necessarily augmented already forbidden fraternisation, but they allowed matters to go ahead until the troops one day *demanded* that the civilian population be fed. They were in the mood for demanding things. "We want to go home!" was their cry. They felt others were getting their jobs. They even went the length of having "Bolshie" councils on the Rhine. But, to stick to our point, their attitude convinced General Plumer to the extent of his warning the Peace Conference that he could not guarantee the future course of events unless Cologne's women and children got the food the Tommies demanded they should get.

Nearly twenty years later—November 1938—an old waiter in the Ewige Lampe (erstwhile "Earwig"), by the Cathedral, volunteered a memory of the foregoing. I have forgotten what he said that was kind, but we shook hands on my leaving.

And another interesting thing—that rebellious military spirit at Cologne was cured by one Winston Churchill, who obtained that the eighteen-year-olds should be kept with the Colours and sent out to the Rhine to relieve those who had done the fighting.

No sooner had the first of these "Young Berts" arrived than the mark's decline against the pound altered the situation and heralded a spell ever after referred to as "the good old days." Lasting from the spring to the late autumn of 1919, by which time the British force had been cut to a mere five divisions, "the good old days" showed the B.E.F. violently reacting at last from the trenches, and in gala mood in the streets of Cologne. Every day scores of officers and hundreds of men were being demobilised, going home, and that meant one long-drawn-out farewell party.

So well-to-do became the troops, who were paid fortnightly at the mark rate, that they soon turned down beer and Rhine wine as poor stuff and became inveterate champagne-drinkers. It became increasingly difficult to maintain scores of cafés and cabarets out of bounds, and to enforce the no-fratting-with-fräulein-in-public decree while the B.E.F. had its final dissolution spree.

"The Army Commander [reported the *Cologne Post*] decided that we must have organised amusements and plenty of 'em, and thirty shows and forty-five cinemas were opened as if by magic." "Wully" Robertson had been sent out as administrative tonic, and he also launched great educational and sports schemes, although he is best recalled as "the man who brought the wives out." These and other British women never felt towards the Kölner as did their men, whose attitude was: "These people are behaving pretty well, considering. Think, supposing we'd had to put up with the same thing at home!" In effect, the Rhinelanders were "correct" and dignified, whatever blackness lay in their hearts. But the British women wouldn't have it that way. Maybe the frigid

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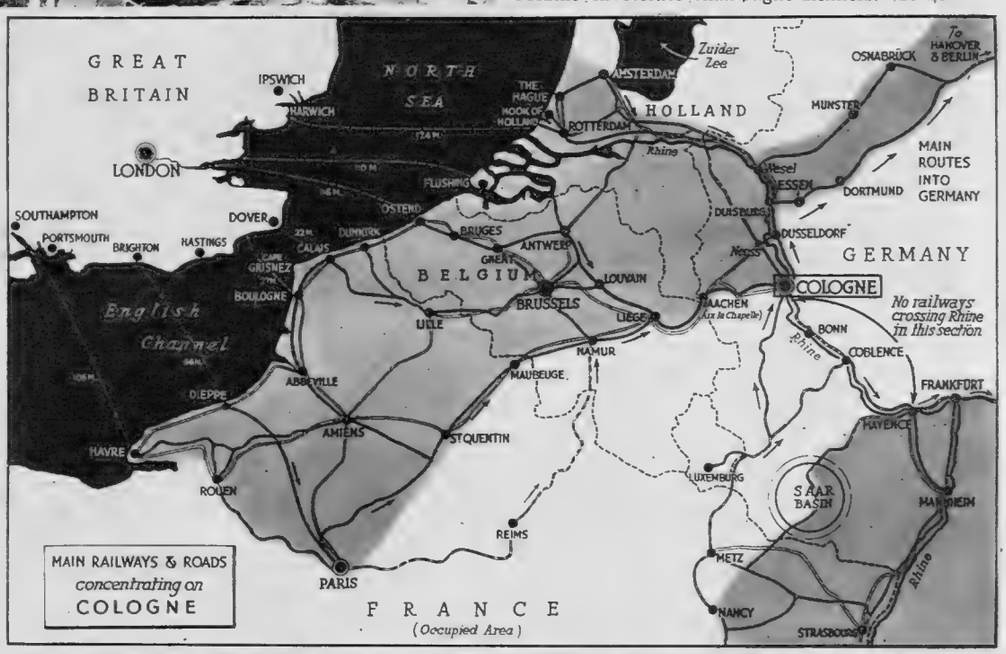


THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF THE GREAT CITY ON THE RHINE: How the main railway systems of Northern France and the Netherlands converge upon Cologne; and the two main routes into Germany. Quite apart from its industrial importance, the city is a key point in the enemy's communications

THE HUGE FOUR-ENGINED BOMBERS, WITH BOMB-DOORS OPEN, OVER COLOGNE DURING THE RAID BY THE ONE THOUSAND: "The flames were lighting our aircraft up from below so that it looked as though it, too, was on fire. In the moonlight and the firelight we could see the bombers streaking in and out. . . . There were not many searchlights, and there was not very much 'flak.' Cologne formerly had plenty of both"—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

(Continued from preceding page)

stiffness of German women in billet life, maybe a spot of jealousy crept in; the enduring attitude was embodied in the remark of a Mrs. Sergeant-Major, who once turned to me in a crowded tramcar and, indicating her fellow-passengers, observed: "They 're foolin' you! They 'ates you! They 're full of oats. Let 'em 'ave it good and proper!" (Yes, that may sound all right to-day, but emphatically it didn't correspond to conduct at the time.)

Two bans are hard to understand at this distance. G.H.Q. refused to allow young Germans to challenge at sport, and, secondly, as soon as one of the B.A.O.R. (British Army of Rhine) married a fräulein, the happy pair was packed off home. This latter ukase seemed at odds with the unofficial lifting of the "no-fratting" order, once peace officially came in 1920. Thereafter all ranks consorted publicly with civilian Cologne and this went on—discreetly in many cases—for a couple of years.

According to the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the British left 988 illegitimate children as the fruit of seven years, which wouldn't have been so terrible but for the non-existence of the affiliation order. During this whole period the Forces provided but three serious cases affecting civilians—three murders of women. German civilians before the Summary Court totalled some 3,790, the strangest motley, the worst cases coinciding with "hunger demoralisation" and with periods when the Germans thought we were leaving—then youth would get above itself. In most cases fines were imposed, with time to pay; in which respect the Kölner marvelled at a justice which took such things into consideration as current wages and families to support in stressful times.

The years 1921-22 brought another phase, and not such a pleasant one. As the mark dived vertically, a good overcoat could be bought for three shillings and German boots for less than a shilling a pair. Everyone became a financial expert: even the last-out "Young Bert" carrying pencil and notebook as he went on shopping forays. It was now that British civilians descended on miraculously cheap Cologne. When Schacht put through his Rentenmark jugglery, the mark "recovered" in one day from sixty billion to sixteen to the pound, and I quote the result: "The British became the paupers overnight. Even the Army had to eat humble pie, clinging to trams as Germans rolled by in glistening Mercédès."

But before that, the people of Cologne experienced the black winter of 1922-23, and this time the British could do nothing to aid, as once they had done. The Rhineland seemed to be disintegrating under Separatism while the Ruhr was to be invaded. The mark valueless, food gave out, and work too. It was then that bystanders would tug at Tommy's tunic and ask: "The English are not going, no?" For a brief while Cologne looked on us as protectors.

But no sooner the danger past, the locals put on their stiffest "*Kein Verkehr*" once more, particularly Fräulein, acting under the first spurring of incipient Hitlerism. Yet such matters were of less importance now that the Occupation was taking on the appearance of a "foreign-station" garrison affair, small, segregated and aloof. In my presence, much later, the Kölner had to agree that the Occupation became a model of the least a post-war military visitation can be: no love lost, but mutual understanding and respect. Indeed, it is not without interest now that the two things which brought most distress to Cologne are not to be allowed to recur: the blockade, carried on after armistice, and the wrecking of the currency.

When they left on a January night of 1926, "the people of Cologne crowded round the Dom and lit bonfires." Who 'd have dreamt that sixteen and a half years later the Englander would be lighting bonfires round that same Dom!

COLOGNE UNDER ATTACK—An impression during the raid by the Thousand—*Drawing by Percy Home*

A huge semi-circle of fire was observed to be raging in the city after the first bombs had been dropped on Cologne during the raid by the "Thousand." Smoke rose from these fires, forming a great mass which looked like a thundercloud. It rose thousands of feet into the sky, and its reflected glow was visible to oncoming planes as they passed over Holland. The view given here is from above the Rhine where it is crossed by the great Hohenzollern railway bridge. The big railway station is in close proximity to the Cathedral, the towers of which are seen to the right-hand side of the view. Although so near, the Cathedral only suffered from minor blast effect. The Church of St. Martin is another dominating feature of the city's silhouette. Its massive square tower is seen towards the left

THE ONE THOUSAND-BOMBER RAIDS *(continued)*

LOADING UP A STIRLING WITH HER DEADLY BOMBS : Petrol, hundreds of gallons of it, is being pumped into the huge tanks ; at the same time, the bomb-doors are open to receive the deadly load which the four-engined aircraft is to carry right into the heart of Germany. The Stirling's bomb-load is nearly four times that of its two-motor predecessors

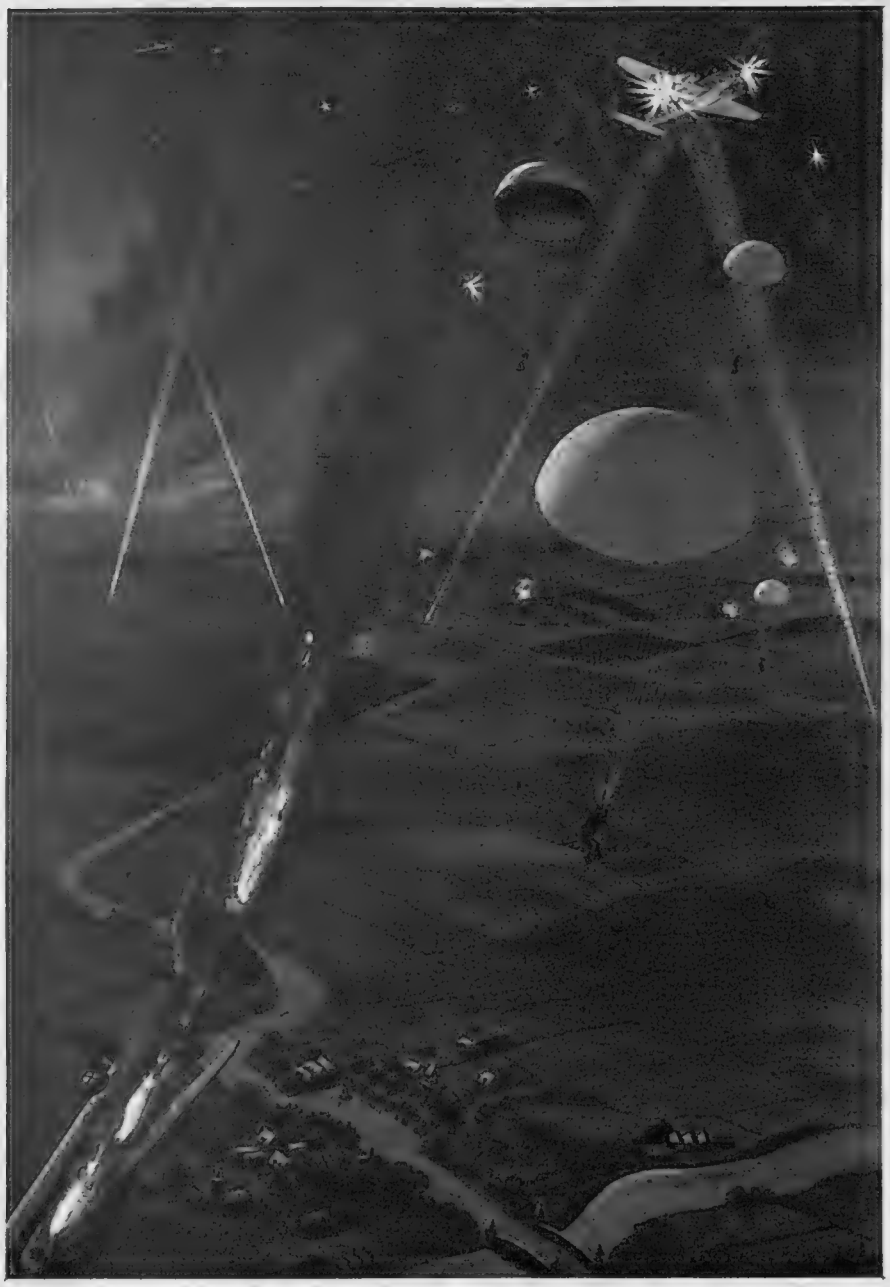
AFTER THE SECOND OF THE THOUSAND-BOMBER RAIDS : A rear gun-turret of a Stirling undergoing repair ; a picture which shows the effect of "flak" on the aircraft. Such damage can, however, be repaired with quickness and ease by the expert mechanics of the R.A.F.

STIRLINGS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS AT ESSEN DURING THE SECOND "ONE THOUSAND" RAID : The bombers in swift succession invaded the air over the string of industrial towns ; both the nature of the target and the state of the weather—there were low clouds, with much industrial haze as well—meant that the crews had to make a careful search for the vital objectives. In the industrial regions of Essen there were really large fires ; large buildings were alight, and the streets marked dark lines around the burning areas—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

THE ONE THOUSAND BOMBER RAIDS *(continued)*

HOW THE CREWS OF THE BIG BOMBERS WORK: In our big four-engined aircraft there are eight men disposed as in the above drawing. Each has his particular duty, and all are linked by the intercom. telephone system. (Note—the positions indicated in this drawing are approximations only)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

As our aircraft increase in size and speed and bomb-load, so does the number of the crew. In the big Stirlings and Halifaxes there are usually eight men, disposed in the manner shown above. (It is not claimed, however, that these dispositions are exact, as varying conditions might cause an alteration of plan.) In the very nose of the bomber is the forward gunner; prone below him, and just behind, is the "air-bomber" (a new designation), who also acts as navigator on the outward and homeward journeys. The "air-bomber" takes up his position in the nose when the aircraft is approaching the target, cons the pilot on his run-up and releases the bomb-load: he then returns to his navigational tasks. There are usually two pilots in the big bombers—first and second, with the former usually acting as captain of the aircraft. The wireless operator is seated behind the navigator, and his principal duty is to keep in touch with the home base. (On smaller types, the wireless operator also acts as gunner when occasion warrants.) The top gunner covers a wide area of fire above and to port and starboard; and the rear gunner protects the vulnerable tail



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A BOMBER FAILS TO RETURN: The crew of a British aircraft baling out after their plane has been hit—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood* (See notes at right)

AN INCIDENT DURING THE BOMBING OF THE RUHR: A Flight Sergeant is hit whilst looking out of the "blister" of a Halifax—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Though the concentration of bombers certainly had its effect on the guns of the Ruhr, long searches over the district were not without hazard. A young Flight Sergeant, the navigator of a Halifax, during the bombing of Essen, was looking out through one of the bulbous side windows, or "blisters," when a splinter came through the window and struck him on top of the head; despite rather serious wounds he insisted on navigating the Halifax back. The picture *on the left* portrays an incident which is becoming of more common occurrence as our offensive over Germany grows in weight. When a plane is hit, it can usually carry on for a short distance, away from the *flak* area: the crew are thus often able to bale out into the surrounding countryside and get down in comparative safety

Drawing by Roland Davies

BALING OUT DURING A BOMBING RAID, demonstrating the conditions which permit of making a safe descent by parachute and those which do not

This is a subject which must be the point of many discussions in Bomber Station messes. If a bomber is damaged at Point **A** and is likely to crash very soon, the crew can bale out with a considerable degree of confidence: but as the aircraft dives down on its target to the attack, the chances of baling out, if hit, become smaller. Should the plane be hit at Point **B**, the pilot must endeavour to pull his machine out of the dive, to regain sufficient height away from the target for a safe parachute descent—unless, of course, the circumstances are such that he can make a crash landing. In the latter case, of course, he must be reasonably sure of avoiding the blazing buildings below!

THE "AIR-BOMBER" AT WORK: "Once bomb-aimer and navigator as well, the 'air-bomber' is now a bombing specialist"—*Drawing by W. Dell*

This is a comparatively new designation in the R.A.F. The task of the "air-bomber" is to guide the aircraft to the target on the last stage of its approach, and actually release the bomb-load at the appropriate moment. Usually he lies prone at his bomb-sight for some considerable time on the outward journey to get used to the darkness. Then, as he approaches the objective, he takes up his maps—specially coloured so as to be visible in the aircraft's dim light—and selects his special target with great care. In the above drawing, our artist has taken his stand behind the "air-bomber's" shoulder: the amount of room shown would be correct for the big bombers generally and the Stirling in particular. The special map on the left would most likely show the part of the target which this particular aircraft has been ordered to attack: the map would not be down in front of the "air-bomber" because the very important bomb-sight occupies that position. In the "air-bomber's" right hand is the bomb-release switch, which selects the bombs the "air-bomber" wishes to unload at any given moment

C

The War in the Air

HAS the LUFTWAFFE LOST ITS DASH?

Some Reasons for the Changed German Air Tactics—Suggested by

K. PARSONS BROWN

POWER, SPEED AND BOMB-LOAD : An impression of one of our heavy Stirling bombers off on an operational flight. This aircraft carries heavier bombs for a longer distance than any other bomber in the world. The huge bomb-doors are clearly seen in this picture

THE Germans are sufficiently astute propagandists to appreciate the value of occasional reports ostensibly unfavourable to themselves. For this reason, neutral rumours of declining military prowess or inefficiency can rarely be relied upon. But when we get reports of changing tactics and altered methods, from the men who actually meet the Germans in the field, we are entitled to take them seriously. Such reports are now coming to hand from widely separated theatres of war, and they indicate a drastic, and presumably significant, alteration in the *Luftwaffe's* tactics. Libyan war correspondents who saw the battles at Bir Hacheim noticed that General Frohlich's dive-bombers were content to take their aim from 300 or 400 ft., rarely swooping down to less than 50 ft., as they used to do. From the Soviet troops in the Kharkov struggle we hear that General Lohr's bombers abandoned their old hedge-hopping tactics and bombed Soviet batteries from heights of at least 4,000 ft.

If a similar change had been noticed in the Italians, very little importance could be attached to it. But the *Luftwaffe* is still the cream of the German forces, and it operates under the most rigid discipline. It is quite certain that no such drastic departures from accepted tactics could be made without the consent of the *Luftwaffe* High Command. It is equally certain that that Command would not agree to depart from the proven tactics which gained the *Luftwaffe* its prestige, without the gravest cause.

Germany entered the war with a first-class air force, the only one of its kind in Europe. Most of its active flying personnel had seen service in the Condor Legion in Spain, and promotion to the senior ranks was reserved for men who had won their spurs in combat. According to Goebbels, at any rate, there was hardly a man above the rank of Wing Commander who had not at least fifty victories in aerial combat to his credit. But it was a "sprint machine" geared for short bursts of intense effort at high speeds, and not for a war of attrition. The *Luftwaffe* of 1942 has seen over 20,000 of its most active and experienced men killed in battle and it has lost over 8,000 machines. Whereas formerly it was concentrated on one front at a time, it is now dispersed from the Arctic Circle to the Sahara, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. It has no longer its old numerical superiority on most fronts, and it is not technically superior on any front. And since its output of men and machines is now less than that of the democratic Allies, there is no hope of the balance being restored. These are the factors which are forcing Goering and his staff to husband their resources.

The *Luftwaffe* was originally designed as an Army Co-operation force. As a result, it had large numbers of fighters and light and medium bombers, but few heavy bombers. In the Battle of Britain, which was to have preceded the invasion, their fighters and dive-bombers suffered a total and unmitigated defeat. In the lull of the 1940-41 winter, while these two groups were reorganised, the medium and heavy bombers were used as night-bombers. It was not work for which they were intended, and after May 1941 the effort was called off, and has never been resumed on the old scale. The attack on Russia was an effort to repeat the successes of the Battle of France while time permitted, and that, too, failed. The combined effect of the British and Russian campaigns must have been a tremendous drain on German air strength, and made necessary an attempt to replace personnel and to evolve new machines, at the highest possible speed. But, unlike Britain, Germany has not been able to call on overseas allies for assistance, either in training men or producing machines. We have been able to train men in Canada, America, South Africa, India and Australia. Some of them, trained in Rhodesia, have been able to go into battle in North Africa without ever setting foot in England. Germany has vainly attempted to keep pace by forcing her new pilots through their training in half the time—100 flying hours instead of 200. Training crashes during the severe Continental winter have been frequent, and often a veteran Condor pilot has died in the crash with the pupil. The demands of time, and promotions, as well as political purges, have made a still further drain on the ranks of the veterans, while the newcomers, though good, are rarely good enough. On the equipment and production side, the old balance of power has also been lost. The factories were tooled for long runs on models no longer adequate for the job, and it has taken a long time to make the necessary change-over. The old Me. 109E lingered on long after its useful life was over, even until the summer of 1941, when it was opposed by multiple-cannon Hurricanes and Spitfires. The Stuka dive-bomber had to be withdrawn to Russia. Even here it has held sway only for a brief time. The Stuka functions well against an enemy weak in air fighters or ground A.-A. defences. It is an open secret that both we and the Russians have increased drastically the number of light anti-aircraft guns among front-line troops, and the latest attempts to use dive-bombers *en masse* have failed dismally.

Very few new heavy bombers have yet appeared, certainly nothing to compare with Britain's latest. They are probably coming into full production now, but it is very late in the day. Even then, the "conversion courses" needed to accustom the pilots to handling them will take time. The lead has certainly been lost, and the tempo of the war is now such that one doubts if it can ever be regained by Germany.

A further factor adds to the embarrassment of the *Luftwaffe*—the increasing activity of the R.A.F. over Europe in general and Germany in particular. For a long time Germany was able to dispense safely with a fighter protection and to rely on ground defences against our bombers. Then in 1941 it became necessary to call home one or two fighter groups to protect the coastline from Ostend to Kiel against day raiders, and after the Augsburg raid Goebbels himself stated that these had been much increased.

Night-fighter squadrons were first instituted in a rudimentary form in March 1941, and are now much expanded, though still with machines such as the Me. 110 and FW. 190, withdrawn from Army service for the purpose, and presumably the pilots came from the same source.

The sum of all these factors is that for the first time in this war the *Luftwaffe* is having to look at each man and machine twice. By remaining on the defensive throughout Europe, however, they can still dispose of very powerful air forces in any given area in which active operations are proceeding. On the Russian front, for example, there are more machines than in the whole of Western Europe, the Kharkov sector alone disposing of about 1,000 operational machines. But even here there is an increasing tendency to let the tanks do more of the fighting, as witness the shyness of the dive-bombers. In the old days it was the proud privilege of the *Luftwaffe* to blaze the trail. One must not expect Germany to sit down and accept a losing battle philosophically, however. She may be using her Air Force thriftily at the moment, but it is quite probable that we shall see the old prodigality again. But it will be a case of staking all on one throw, for if she fails then, she can never hope to rival the air strength the Allies will have next spring.

OUR BOMBERS RETURN FROM A RAID OVER GERMANY : An actual scene witnessed by "The Sphere's" artist, Roland Davies

On a moonlit night, our aircraft can often be distinctly seen, as they lose altitude for the descent on to their home aerodrome. Against a clear, moonlit sky, the outline of the plane appears as on the left ; but when passing in front of the darker masses of cloud, it takes on a sharper clarity, as on the right. On occasion, one of our own bombers will be picked up by the searchlights ; when this happens, the crew immediately drop recognition flares, to apprise the A.-A. gunners below that they are friendly, not enemy, aircraft !

WAR SUPPLIES for RUSSIA

AT BANDAR SHAHPAR: Cases of motor parts being unloaded on the wharf at this important port of entry on the Persian Gulf

TO FACILITATE THE TRANSPORT OF ALLIED SUPPLIES TO RUSSIA, representatives of the Inter-Allied Commission for Communication meet every Tuesday at Teheran to discuss ways of speeding up the transport arrangements. Here members of the Commission, including representatives from Britain, Persia and Russia, are seen outside the conference room

A WAR "FLAT," designed to carry heavy guns, tanks and other war material up to 50 tons, arriving from England. The "flat" is being lifted on to a bogie and will soon go into service

VEHICLES OF A CONVOY THROUGH PERSIA, traversing a dusty section of the eight-day route from south to north, laden with war supplies for Russia

ENGLISH ROLLING-STOCK ARRIVES IN PERSIA, part of the daily increasing British effort to supply Russia with her vital war needs

In last week's issue, we published a drawing and photographs in illustration of British and Allied aid to Russia, via the Persian Gulf. The pictures we reproduce here further amplify the magnitude of this effort to supply our Russian Ally with essential equipment and supplies. From Bandar Shahpar, on the Persian Gulf, the material enters Persia: transported across salt-marsh and desert to Ahwaz, road and rail convoys there join the flow proceeding up-river from Khorramshah and Bushire, all thence continuing northward to the U.S.S.R. Some time ago, 2,000 tons of war supplies were being handled daily at Bandar Shahpar, and this figure has been increased since, as the harbour facilities have been enlarged by American engineers and the railway shops by British technicians. From end to end of Persia, the lorries speed back and forth; and the organisation has now reached a very high pitch of perfection. It must be remembered, too, that at the same time other supply routes to Russia are also being worked—such as those to Murmansk and Archangel—so that the flow of supplies to Russia must now be very considerable

A RUSSIAN OFFICER gives one of the newly-arrived U.S. vehicles a final inspection before the north-bound Convoy moves off on its eight-day journey

H.M.S. "PENELOPE" (a 5,220-ton cruiser of the Arethusa class) PUTTING OUT FROM MALTA ON APRIL 8 for her dash to Gibraltar after two weeks of concentrated attack by 1,200 German bombers while in dry-dock. *On right*—"PENELOPE," still followed by bombers and torpedo-bombers, NEARS GIBRALTAR AND STILL FOILS THE ENEMY. On her arrival at the British base, her anti-aircraft guns were so worn that they were capable of only one more day's firing: she was refitted with new guns before leaving for the United States—*Drawings by Montague Dawson*

THE STORY OF "PENELOPE"

The British Cruiser now known as "H.M.S. Pepperpot" Because of the Thousand-odd Shrapnel Holes Suffered During Concentrated Attack while in Dry-Dock at Malta

THE cruiser *Penelope* had seen considerable service in the Mediterranean. She took part some months ago in a battle off Taranto, in which a small British Naval force sunk two Italian convoys of ten ships despite the heavy enemy escort. As a result of her continuous duties, she was compelled earlier this year to put into Malta Harbour for repair: whilst there, in dry-dock, she was battered and torn by about 1,200 German bombers; and several score more attacks were delivered during her subsequent passage to Gibraltar. She left Malta on April 8, and when she arrived at Gibraltar her anti-aircraft guns were so worn that they were capable of only one more day's firing, and she had to be fitted out with new weapons.

H.M.S. *Penelope* is now in a United States eastern port undergoing rapid repairs. The Americans have described her as the world's most heavily-bombed warship, and have dubbed her "H.M.S. Pepperpot" because of the thousand-odd shrapnel holes in her!

The full story of *Penelope*, and the magnificent manner in which the cruiser fought throughout a protracted ordeal in the Mediterranean, has now been given by the Admiralty. Commanded by Captain A. D. Nicholl, D.S.O., R.N., the ship lay at Malta for two weeks: during this period there were almost continuous air raids, and it soon became clear that *Penelope* was the central target of these attacks, some of the heaviest to which the island has been subjected.

The cruiser's guns were in action for a great part of every day; at the height of some of the fiercest raids all hands, including stewards and cooks, helped to feed the guns, bringing up ammunition from lighters alongside, despite falling bombs and flying splinters. The ship was holed repeatedly by bomb splinters, and much superficial damage was done, but the crew worked without ceasing to keep the guns in action and the ship's staff toiled day

Penelope is a 6-in. gun cruiser which carries a complement of 450. She is one of a class of three similar vessels, the tonnage of which is the minimum for ocean-going efficiency and the armament adequate to deal with raiders of the armed mercantile type. She was ordered in March 1934 and completed in November 1936 at a cost of almost £1,300,000. It is noteworthy that the weight reduction in this warship was secured by the extensive use of electric welding for the hull and internal subdivisions, as well as by the employment of aluminium-covered plywood for the cabin bulkheads and other light partitions. One aircraft is carried aboard and this is launched by catapult: in order to take the air current clear of the aircraft between them, the two funnels are streamlined. The *Penelope's* speed is 32½ knots, and her radius of action is 12,000 miles

"PENELOPE" ENTERING MALTA HARBOUR, to undergo repairs in the dry-dock. Whilst there she endured continuous attacks from the air and the ship was holed repeatedly

and night to carry out repairs. The more serious holes were plugged and, in spite of the worst the enemy could do, the ship was got ready for sea, almost to schedule.

The captain was wounded, but he carried on with his crew, almost without rest or respite. There was risk in putting to sea, with the ship damaged and the crew all but exhausted, but this was accepted. Throughout the following day, *Penelope* was shadowed by two float planes, and during the morning a Ju 88 and four Italian torpedo-bombers carried out an attack. She was ready for them, however, and her gunners gave them so warm a reception that the attack failed. It was followed by an attack made by four Italian bombers, but this attack was also successfully fought off. At midday a single enemy aircraft dropped two bombs, but neither fell close enough to do any damage.

A few minutes later a force of six torpedo-bombers delivered an accurate torpedo attack, but *Penelope*, superbly handled, was able to take evading action, despite her damaged condition, and was not hit. The next attack was made by a force of fourteen Ju 88s, but only one bomb fell near the ship, and did no harm except to some instruments, which were shaken.

A final attack was made by a single Ju 88, but this again failed. By this time *Penelope* was almost out of danger. Short of anti-aircraft ammunition and with her sides full of plugged splinter holes, she reached port safely, having suffered neither casualties nor damage during the arduous passage. The splendid fighting qualities of her gallant ship's company had defeated all the enemy's most determined efforts to destroy her.

CAPTAIN A. D. NICHOLL, D.S.O., commander of "Penelope," who, although wounded, took his ship safely out of Malta. With him, on the right, is Commander J. W. Grant, his second in command. Captain Nicholl has now been made a C.B.E. and Commander Grant has been awarded the D.S.O.

The Arethusa class, to which *Penelope* belongs, now numbers three vessels. A fourth ship, *Galatea*, was lost off the Libyan coast on January 9, 1942, after being torpedoed by a German submarine. The gallantry of *Penelope's* crew has been fittingly marked by the award of the C.B.E. to her captain, two D.S.O.'s to two other of her officers, and the D.S.C. to a warrant officer.

ON THE "GEORGE CROSS" ISLAND

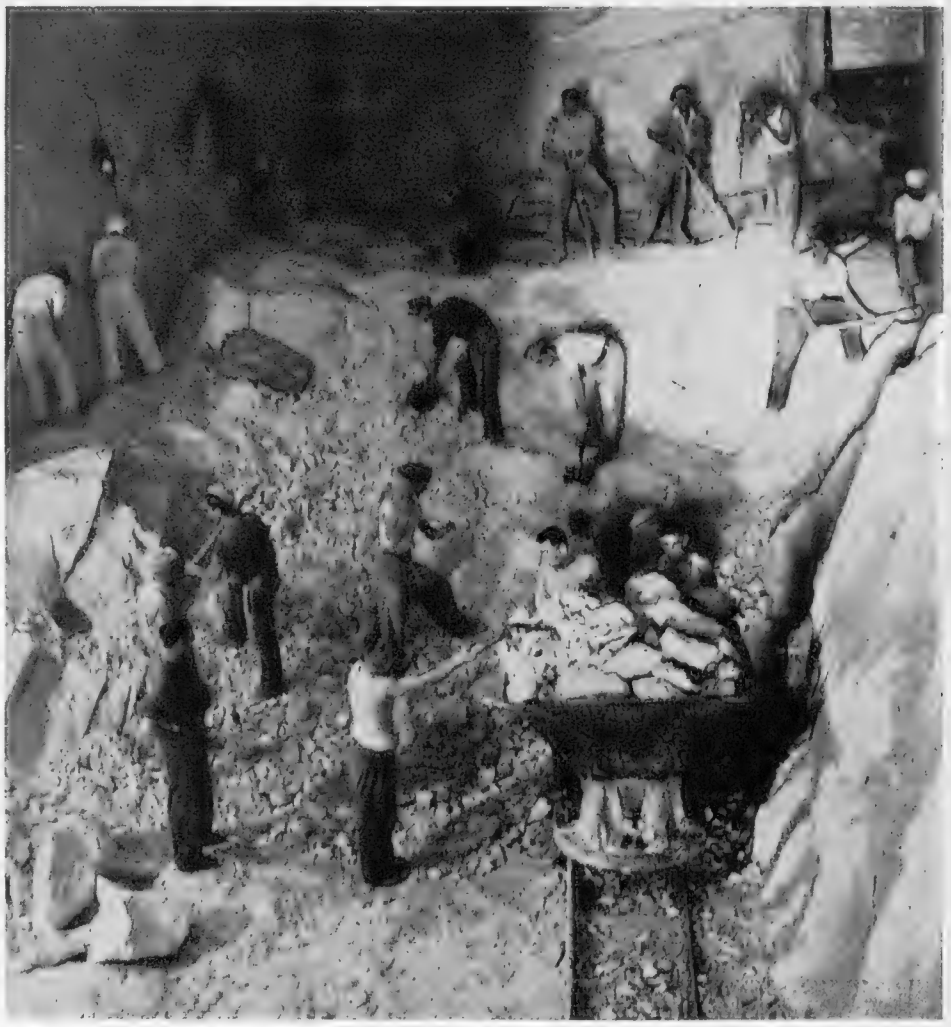
The New Governor of Malta; and the British Miners who are Engaged on Tunnelling Work There

MALTA'S NEW GOVERNOR: General Viscount Gort, V.C., with his aide-de-camp, at San Anton Palace, where he had just witnessed the ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. General Gort succeeded General Dobbie only a few weeks ago

AN N.C.O. MINER: Having prepared five cartons of explosive and attached the fuses to them, this soldier miner is now carrying his dangerous load of charges to the spot where blasting work is in progress

TUNNELLING UNDER THE ISLAND: A "skip" of rock being pushed away, whilst an empty skip goes into the tunnel on the right to be filled. A skip carries a load of a ton

EMPTYING A TON OF ROCK, excavated from the tunnels, on to one of the many bombed sites on the island



BRITISH MINERS WORKING DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE ROCK, making an underground chamber so that the life of the island can still go on despite the bomb raids

After nearly 3,000 air raids, Malta still stands up to the enemy with the same courage and vigour for which the Island was awarded the George Cross. Meanwhile, work goes on to make the defences as complete as possible; for this purpose, British coal-miners from Wales, Scotland, Yorkshire, Durham, Derby and Cumberland (now in the Army and incorporated in Special Tunnelling Companies of the Royal Engineers) are working in the Malta rock, cutting out shelters, underground chambers and passages. The rock on the island is very resistant to bombs from above, yet it can be worked with comparative ease: explosives make the task of the miners easier, and the rock is white and clean as against coal, which is black and dirty! One company has removed as much as seventy tons in a single day. To those who are asking "Why cannot miners be released from the Army?" these pictures might provide an answer. Other miners are, of course, employed on similar duties elsewhere

KITTYHAWK FIGHTERS OF THE R.A.F. DIVE-BOMBING AXIS TRANSPORT PASSING THROUGH THE "GAP": On the left Hurricanes (which have also appeared over the desert battlefield in the guise of fighter-bombers) shooting up enemy lorries near by—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

LIBYAN PORTFOLIO

A Collection of Special Drawings and Photographs, in Illustration of the Present Campaign Against Rommel's Forces in the Western Desert

"The boys have given their best, and they 've enjoyed it," said Air Vice-Marshal Coningham a few days ago. "We spent the first part of this battle subordinaring ourselves entirely to the job of hitting the Nazi armour and transport and ignoring opposition in the air. I gave orders to my pilots that they were not to fly higher than 6,000 ft., and they were to get on with the job of putting bullets, shells and bombs into tanks and infantry rather than go dog-fighting up in the sky." In this work the U.S.-built Kittyhawks played the principal part: armed with bombs, they have been acting as dive-bombers as well as fighters, hitting the enemy's concentrations hard. Within recent days they have been reinforced by Hurricanes, which have joined them in their strafing tasks. The "Gap" referred to above is the penetration made in our defensive line by Rommel's forces: through this the enemy brought up supplies and reinforcements—but only under a heavy bombardment from the air, as depicted in Mr. Roland Davies's drawing above

It was on the evening of May 26 that General Rommel launched the German Afrika Korps to the attack of the British forces on the Gazala-Bir Hacheim line in the Western Desert. In an Order of the Day he was at pains to explain that in the course of great operations they were to carry through a decisive attack against our forces in Libya, and that for this purpose he had made ready and equipped a force superior in numbers, with perfected armament, and a powerful air force to give it support.

Unfortunately for Rommel, Generals Auchinleck and Ritchie had foreseen this attack and were ready for it. From captured documents it is now clear that Rommel's object was to capture Tobruk.

The part played by the R.A.F. is generally appreciated throughout the Empire—and certainly throughout the German and Italian ranks in Libya! In the present battle the co-operation between the R.A.F. and the land forces has been based on a new and swifter system on which work has been proceeding for some time. On the other hand—at least, in its earlier stages—the Nazi armoured thrust was carried out without a close aerial "umbrella," for the first time.

Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, in command of the R.A.F. in the Desert, gave orders that his pilots were to concentrate on the *ground*, not on the air: in other words, they were to destroy tanks, lorries, infantry, workshops, rather than enjoy the thrills of aerial combat!

In General Auchinleck's despatch to Mr. Winston Churchill he makes the following interesting statements: "Air reconnaissance had clearly indicated enemy preparations for attack, and in consequence our air forces opened a counter-offensive on the 21st with heavy attacks against enemy forward aerodromes. These attacks were continued each night and supplemented by low-flying dawn and dusk attacks by light bombers and fighters. The enemy paid us the compliment of trying to emulate our example. . . . On the 28th Air Vice-Marshal Coningham decided to direct his whole forces on to low attack against the enemy armour and motor transport. These attacks were maintained with maximum intensity throughout the following three days, reaching their peak as the enemy endeavoured to pass through the gaps. . . . The speed and effectiveness with which air support has been given has shown once again the intimate co-operation which has been achieved between the two Services in this theatre. . . . Owing to the concentration on low attack, and the consequent desperate attempts by the enemy fighters to protect their land forces, our air losses have not been light, though in a number of instances our pilots have returned safe and our aircraft are being recovered . . ."

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO GENERAL RITCHIE'S DESERT HEADQUARTERS: Field-Marshal Smuts, South African Premier, at Eighth Army H.Q., where he inspected South African troops just before the campaign opened and spent some time with General Ritchie listening to his plan of action

HOW THE TANK-RECOVERY UNITS WORK IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE: These units have grown in efficiency with experience. Wherever possible first aid is given on the spot, often in the face of enemy sharpshooters who endeavour to pick off the mechanics at their work in the desert—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

One correspondent writing from the Libyan battlefield has made the statement that the tank repair services of the Eighth Army are now considered to be equal to those of the Germans. Big strides in this important work have undoubtedly been made: it was the excellence of the enemy's repair services which threw out our calculations so badly six months ago during the fighting around Sidi Rezegh. During that campaign each Nazi tank battalion carried its Recovery Unit with it: wrecked tanks were often repaired on the spot, or dragged away to a place of safety, even whilst the battle was still in progress—but our own units were, as often as not, "farther down the line." That is not happening now: our Recovery Units are equipped with all types of repair facilities and are now in the thick of the fighting. Our own tank losses have not been light, but we have one very important factor in our favour—we have possession of a good part of the battlefield where the heaviest tank clashes took place and have, therefore, been able to recover our damaged tanks and to destroy totally, or repair, damaged enemy tanks

HURRICANES OF THE LATEST TYPE HAVE BEEN PROMINENT IN THE DESERT FIGHTING: Equipped with bombs, like the U.S.-built Kittihawks, they have been attacking enemy tanks and concentrations. Here a patrol of these fine fighter aircraft are breaking formation to attack the enemy: all about them are typical desert cloud banks

LIBYAN PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF ONE OF THE NEW "GENERAL GRANT" TANKS: These American-built medium tanks have provided Rommel with his biggest surprise. Twenty-eight tons; a 37-mm. gun; another of 75 mm.; heavily armoured; speed not so great but still considerable—these are the main features of this great fighting machine which has stood up to the German panzers

***Below*—A BRITISH TANK IS BLOWN OVER ON TO ITS SIDE: At once the crew leap out and, using the vehicle as cover, defend themselves with light guns**—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

Less than 500 yards separated the enemy from our own forces. Slowing for a moment, all the vehicles opened fire: suddenly flames poured from one of the enemy tanks; then one of ours was hit. The force of the explosion turned it on its side. The crew jumped out of their disabled vehicle, dragging a wounded comrade with them. Then, using the upturned tank as cover, they started blazing away at the enemy with their automatic guns. In the present Libyan fighting, the largest tank battles ever fought outside Europe have been taking place almost continuously

LIBYAN PORTFOLIO *(continued)* Tanks and Artillery in Concentrated Action

AN IMPRESSION OF "GENERAL GRANT" TANKS IN ACTION NEAR "THE CAULDRON": These compact monsters weigh 28 tons, and thus are officially classed as "medium tanks," but their hitting power is tremendous. This is due to their two guns—one of which is a 37-mm. weapon and the other a 75-mm. The latter is fitted to the right of the "Grant," and it is capable of knocking out a German tank with one shell—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE R.A.F. CO-OPERATE WITH THE LAND FORCES: A group of Rhodesian pilots being briefed in a desert tent before taking off on a reconnaissance flight

"SUPPLIES" IN THE WESTERN DESERT: A travelling canteen, where beer and cigarettes can be bought by the troops

WHERE HEADQUARTERS ARE ESTABLISHED IN THE ROCK IN LIBYA: This is the entrance to an officers' mess—a cave in the side of a hill behind the battle-front. It was excavated by units of the Pioneer Corps and Royal Engineers, which were based on Tobruk before the opening of the present campaign. Included within the ranks of these units are men from Palestine and Germans who have known the inside of German concentration camps. The rock in the desert is easily worked, and in places is well adapted for the task of sheltering men and stores

On left—Despite that General Rommel declared in an Order of the Day on the eve of his offensive that he possessed a superiority in numbers, with a perfected equipment, the new "General Grants" must have surprised him considerably! The 75-mm. gun became famous in French hands during the last war; similar weapons have been fitted on the "Grant," and reinforced with a weapon of 37 mm. and others. When the German offensive was launched, we came up against the enemy armour for the first time on equal terms; and the "Grant" proved as good as its German counterpart, and better. The sanguinary battles at Knightsbridge, and later at "The Cauldron," were mainly won by the heavy weight of metal discharged by the 75- and 37-mm. guns, and by the capacity of the "Grants'" armour to withstand the enemy shells. "The Cauldron" is the area to the west of Knightsbridge where the Germans forced their way to the westward through the British defence line, after their initial attempt towards Tobruk had been frustrated. The area was so called because here the battle bubbled up and overflowed, like a pot aboil

Below—When Rommel decided to break through the minefields in our defence line—in order to create "gaps" through which he could retire to the west after the abortive attempt on Tobruk—he suffered the heaviest casualties he has yet incurred in desert battle. Close to the scene of the first break-through, to the south of Gazala, there are now more than a hundred burnt-out and disabled vehicles piled up in one great scrap-heap. During that break-through, the Axis forces came under some of our heaviest cross-fire. Out of over fifty vehicles that Rommel hurled into the gap, it has been stated that fewer than five got through! British gunners on both sides of the gap operated their long-barrelled anti-tank guns with the deadliest effect: at the same time, bomber and fighter-bomber squadrons joined in and gave the enemy such a pounding that this action probably had a decisive effect on Rommel's future plans

KEEPING CONTACT DURING THE DESERT TANK BATTLES: This is an armoured wireless-transmission car, which acts as a mobile close-support unit during action. Messages from the tanks are received here and instructions conveyed to the fighting vehicles. Each car is protected against attack from the air

AT THE FIRST "GAP" SOUTH OF GAZALA: The scene as the Germans attempted to get their supply columns through the first narrow break-through in the British defence line. In order to bring up petrol and water quickly, the "gap" had to be forced. The first convoys met with such a hot resistance that a line of broken vehicles piled itself up, as cars and wagons crashed together under combined artillery and aerial bombardment (see notes above)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

LIBYAN PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

THE GUN WHICH HAS BEEN DOING A GOOD DEAL OF USEFUL WORK IN LIBYA—The mobile 25-pounder which has been in continuous action in the fighting round "The Cauldron," and in the Knightsbridge battles. (On the left is the ammunition limber)

Our mobile guns have proved a great success in Libya; prominent amongst these is the 25-pounder, of which two impressions whilst in action in the desert are given above. This is the artillery piece which is known as the "Gun-How," owing to its employment as a howitzer when "dropping fire" is needed, and as a straight gun when firing at a distant target. Gun, limber, and crew are all hauled into position by a stoutly-armoured car, which is equipped with all the necessities for simple repairs and adjustments

ON THE WAY UP TO THE BATTLE ZONE—A Y.M.C.A. hut in the desert on the lines of communication, where men can obtain refreshment and rest

HOW THE BRITISH 25-POUNDER AND ITS LIMBER ARE TOWED INTO ACTION by an armoured car in which the members of the gun-crew are also housed. The roughest ground can thus be traversed

MANŒUVRING ON THE FLAT DESERT PLAINS—Dust has been sighted on the horizon, and the column is halted at a signal from the navigator

AMBULANCES ROAM THE DESERT TO PICK UP THE BRITISH WOUNDED: One of the greatest feats in the present fighting has been the manner in which the battlefield has been cleared of our wounded. This has not been easy, as the fighting zone has been some 30 and 40 square miles in extent, and all has been enveloped in one great cloud of dust. The Eighth Army have been using a number of fully-equipped ambulances similar to the above for this important service

***On left*—FREE FRENCH TROOPS IN ACTION WITH THEIR POWERFUL ANTI-TANK GUNS:** Especially in the fighting around Bir Hacheim the French have greatly distinguished themselves. The greatest onslaughts by the Germans were made at this point; but the garrison, under the command of the French General Koenig, beat off innumerable attacks, and caused great havoc to enemy tanks and transport. Later the gallant French were reinforced by British armoured units and Indian infantry

The KING VISITS the HOME FLEET and the U.S. NAVY

THE KING ON BOARD THE U.S. FLAGSHIP: With him is Admiral Stark, C.-in-C. U.S. Naval Forces in Europe; behind the latter in this picture is Rear-Admiral Robert C. Giffen, in command of the American force inspected by the King. The visit to the battleship followed after the inspection of an American cruiser

THE KING MEETS LIEUT. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, now of the U.S. Navy, but previously not unknown to filmgoers: During his recent three-day visit to the Home Fleet, the King not only inspected British vessels under Sir John Tovey's command, but also the U.S. naval force commanded by Rear-Admiral Robert C. Giffen. The pictures reproduced on this page were taken during the course of the visit

THE KING BEING PIPED ABOARD H.M.S. "NORFOLK," a 9,925-ton cruiser of the Dorsetshire class. His Majesty is shaking hands with the ship's Captain; and on the right is Admiral Tovey, C.-in-C.

WITH SOME OF THE ADMIRALS OF THE HOME FLEET: From left to right are Admiral Sir John Tovey, C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet; His Majesty the King; Rear-Admiral H. M. Burrough, C.B.; Rear-Admiral R. L. Burnett, O.B.E.; Rear-Admiral L. H. K. Hamilton, D.S.O.; and Rear-Admiral R. C. Giffen (in command of the U.S. ships attached to the Home Fleet)

INSPECTING THE ROYAL MARINE GUARD ON BOARD H.M.S. "DUKE OF YORK": This 35,000-ton battleship, launched in February 1940, is Sir John Tovey's flagship and is at the head of the Home Fleet just inspected by the King

THE KING INSPECTS THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF H.M.S. "MANCHESTER," a 9,100-ton cruiser of the Newcastle class, which mounts twelve 6-in. guns

BRITISH FILM PRODUCERS ARE STRUGGLING ALONG

Despite very many Real Difficulties, Amongst Which are the Shortage of Skilled Technicians and Limitations of Studio Space, the Film Industry are Planning More Wartime Pictures Dealing with Commandos, A.T.S., W.A.A.F. and Other Services

Described by
CHARLES GRAVES

THE film industry is in a state of definite unrest. There are complaints that the Ministry of Labour is calling up more studio technicians than was expected after it had agreed to the recommendations of the Man Power Panel. The Man Power Panel included representatives of the producers, the Association of Cine Technicians, the National Association of Theatre and Cinema Employees, the Board of Trade, and the Ministry of Labour. These recommendations were based on the memory that England held the lead in films in 1914 and lost it for all time to the United States. (The same situation has developed with television. England led the world with television in 1939 and has now lost it, probably for all time, to the U.S.)

What upsets British film producers is, they allege, that their technicians are called up into the Army or Royal Air Force and are then drafted to the Army Film Unit or the Royal Air Force Film Unit, which compete directly with them in the picture-producing market.

Further difficulties which assail the British film producers are the limitation of studio space, shortage of timber, and clothes rationing. Several studios have been taken over by the authorities, one has been commandeered as the centre of the Service Film Units, and the lack of materials for making studio sets is becoming acute. In addition, of course, wages of technicians have risen notably.

The result of all this is that it has become impossible for this country to make enough feature films to satisfy the quota regulations. The quota of English films, as laid down in 1927 to rehabilitate the English film industry, was detailed to rise continuously until (for the renters) it became 20 per cent. in 1939, 25 per cent. this year, and 30 per cent. in 1946. It was estimated that this meant at least seventy full-length films being made each year when the quota was 20 per cent. Last year, from March 1941 to March 1942, only forty full-length English films were made, and so both renters and exhibitors have fallen behind. So much so, that it has been decided to stabilise the quota of English films at 15 per cent. until the war is over.

The inability to secure enough technicians, studio space, and other necessities is all the more tantalising to the British film producers because the cinemas have had an exceedingly successful year, and they are unable to participate in the rising box-office receipts because of Government restrictions. English films, what is more, are doing better than they have ever done before in the United States. Instances are *49th Parallel* (called *The Invaders* over there), and *Pimpernel Smith* (called *Mr. V.*).

A further blow to the British film industry is the increase in the entertainment tax. This began on May 17, and there has been a drop of 15 per cent. in the takings. Admittedly, it is not yet possible to say whether this is entirely due to the increased tax, as opposed to Double Summer Time and finer weather. But it looks as though the customers who bought the more expensive seats in the past are now going to the cheaper seats. There is also a possibility that the public is becoming saturated with war films. Of the forty films made last year, over half were concerned with the R.A.F. in some form or another. Only one had a Navy background, but that is because facilities from the Admiralty are so hard to acquire.

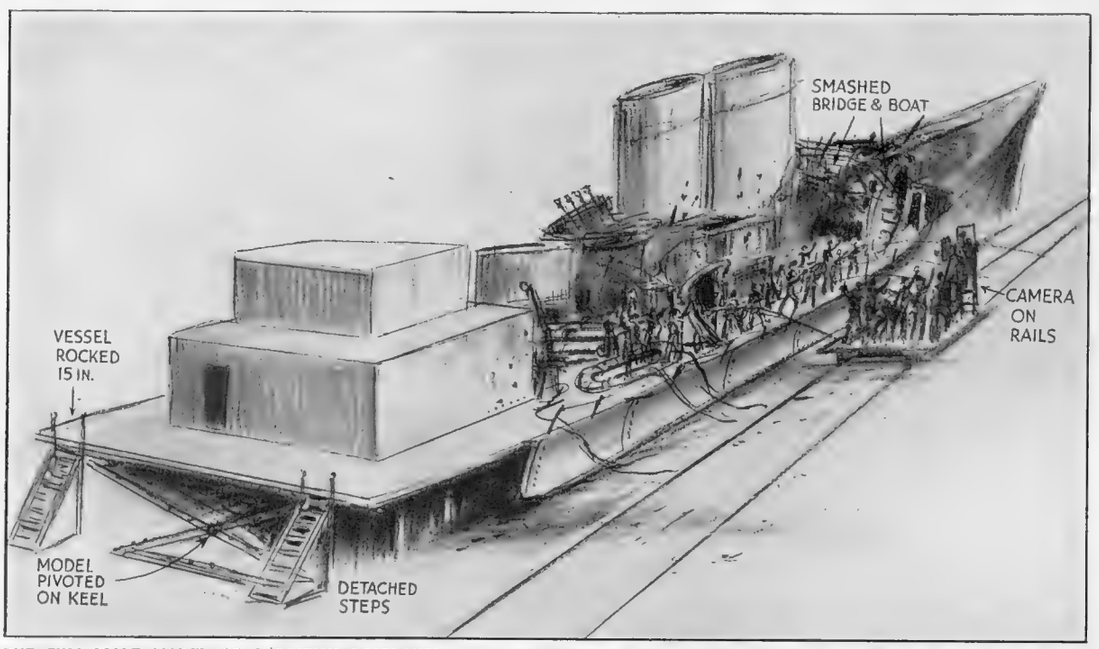
At the moment we are in for a spate of Commando films as well as further R.A.F. pictures; pictures about W.R.N.S., A.T.S. and W.A.A.F.s, not to mention Noel Coward's much-publicised film about Lord Louis Mountbatten's destroyer *Kelly*. It is possible, of course, that the public is not so much tired of war pictures as of war pictures in which the English characters are always "taking it" instead of "dishing it out." Noel Coward's film is all about a destroyer which is sunk by the enemy. *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* is another example of fortitude rather than gallantry. The *San Dimitrio* film to be made at Ealing Studios is another example of a picture centring on endurance and not on smashing the enemy. Ealing Studios is one of the biggest film-producing units in the country. Others are Gaumont-British and Gainsborough; British National; and Denham Studios, which have a number of sub-units. In addition, there are the Pathé Studios at Welwyn, Warners at Teddington, and Butcher's. These studios have further difficulties. It is true that the Services are very reasonable about releasing the artists for pictures. Leading men in this country include David Niven, Richard Greene, Robert Newton, Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, Hugh Williams, Rex Harrison, James Mason, Tommy Trinder, Clifford Evans, Robert Donat and Leslie Howard. Of these, Robert Donat is under a tight contract to M.-G.-M. and Leslie Howard makes his own pictures. England has never produced any real star film actresses. Those we have include Margaret Lockwood, Vivien Leigh, Valerie Hobson, Constance Cummings, Deborah Kerr. The new regulation reserving chorus-girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, except in special circumstances, will further increase the difficulties of the studios.

So far, only one full-length English film in Technicolor has been made in this country, and even that has not yet been shown to the public. Experts are convinced, however, that coloured films add a minimum of 20 per cent. to the box-office receipts, irrespective of their merit. It is also estimated that within five years of the war being over, at least 60 per cent. of films will be in colour. At the moment, the coloured process adds about 25 per cent. to the cost of a picture, and as, even now, English films have to fight hard to enter the American market, it has not been worth while making them overhere.

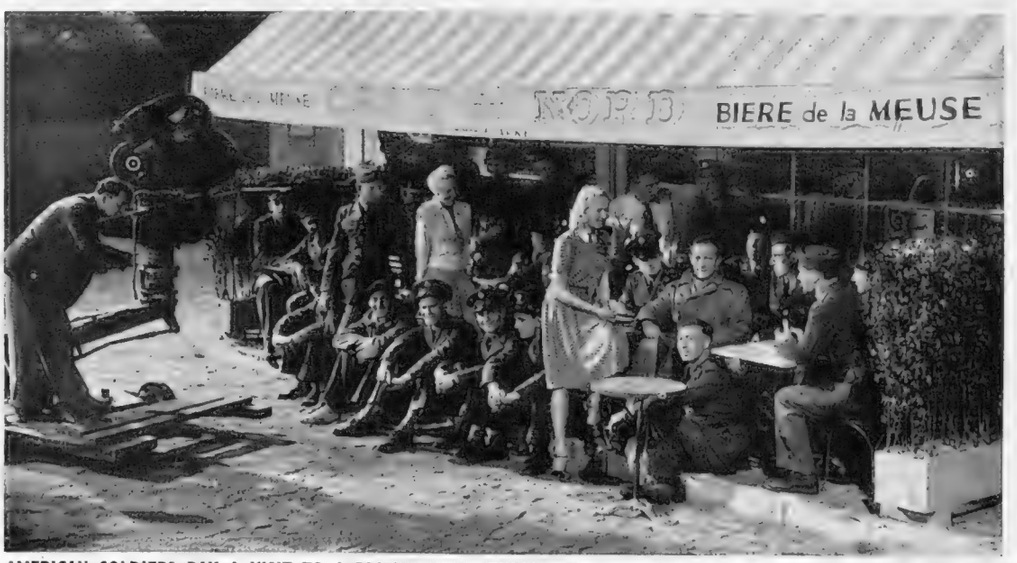
Musical comedies in colour form the ideal escape for a war-battered British public who are surfeited not only with feature films about the war, but also with news-reels which are automatically all about the war, and Ministry of Information documentary films which, again, are all about the war.

Probably one of the greatest difficulties with which the British film industry has had to contend is the scarcity of experienced script-writers. I remember visiting Warners' Studios in Hollywood and finding thirty or forty script-writers attached to this one firm. They were rather like reporters on a national newspaper, sent out literally on "stories" by the scenario editor.

In this country efforts are at last being made to introduce fresh blood and to train novelists and newspaper-men in the mysteries of script-writing. But until now the importance of the story has been rather ignored in favour of the stars, the producer, the director, and the cameramen. In spite of all this, the British film industry has a very bright future ahead of it. It is deliberately cutting clear of the apron-strings of Hollywood. The stories and plots are real and not "phoneys." It is, in fact, doing for the film world what Bernard Shaw and Sir Arthur Pinero did for the stage. And sooner or later the American public will wake up to the fact that if they want to see real life on the screen, they will have to pay to see English films.



THE FULL-SCALE MODEL OF A BRITISH DESTROYER, constructed at Denham Studios for the Noel Coward naval film about Lord Louis Mountbatten's "Kelly." The whole structure was pivoted on a keel, so that it rocked fifteen inches, thus giving additional realism. The moment depicted shows the return of the destroyer to "dock," as ropes were being cast to the dock-yard workers on the camera platform. One half of the vessel was "damaged," whilst the other remained whole—so that different scenes could be shot as the director needed them!—*Drawing by Percy Home*



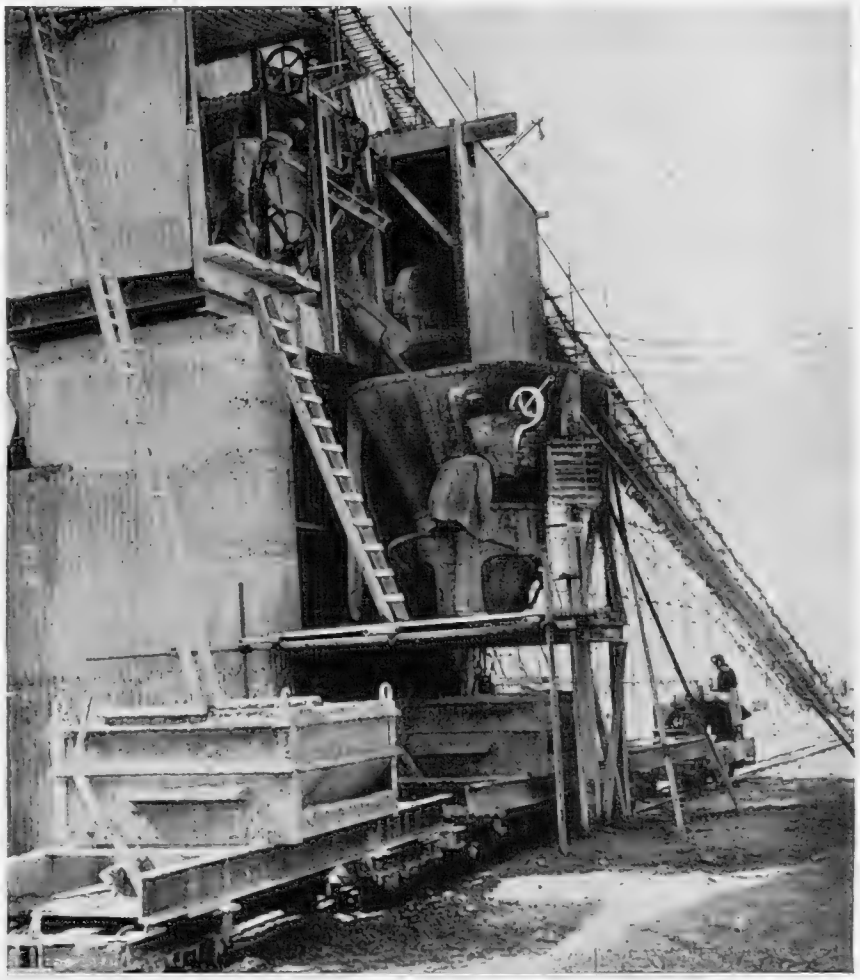
AMERICAN SOLDIERS PAY A VISIT TO A BRITISH FILM STUDIO: The scene is a French village—but in the studios at Denham. It is being used for "Secret Mission," now in production. Film actresses Joyce Howard (nearest camera) and Carla Lehmann are helping their American visitors to feel at home on the set

ITEMS OF HOME INTEREST

LADY DIANA COOPER GOES TO MARKET : Since her return from Malaya, Lady Diana has resumed her chicken-farming in Sussex. This picture, taken during a recent visit to Barnham Market, where she purchased some chickens, shows Lady Diana stopping for refreshment at one of the stalls

FIVE MEN WHO SERVED QUEEN VICTORIA, and who are still in the Royal Navy : These five Petty Officers, of the Royal Naval Cookery School, have over 200 years of service between them : they recently received a letter of congratulation and good wishes from their Admiral, and this document now hangs in their Mess. The oldest member is sixty-five-year-old Petty Officer H. Weate, who joined the Navy in 1893 ; the youngest is fifty-eight-year-old Petty Officer E. J. Russell, who joined in 1900. The above picture was taken as the five Old Stagers sat over their rum ration

AERODROME CONSTRUCTION FOR THE R.A.F. in the modern manner : A comparatively short time ago, the levelling and construction of a large aerodrome would have occupied hundreds of navvies and horses. Nowadays, the job is completed in a fraction of the time, and very few men are seen about. The work is performed by wonderful machines which seem able to do anything except talk ! With a change of operator, these machines can carry on for twenty-four hours each day. The picture above shows how a runway is levelled : that on the right shows the central mixer. The latter is a huge affair, fed by what appear to be two moving stairways : when the concrete is ready it is conveyed to the required point by light railways



THE NEW METHOD OF MIXING CONCRETE IN A HUGE CENTRAL MIXER, from which it is carried to the required points by miniature railways

THE "TIMBER CORPS" OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY—at tea on the scene of work (*above*) ; and felling a big tree (*on right*) : At a training-centre in Suffolk, recruits of the Women's Land Army undertake a four-weeks course with the Timber Corps. At the end of this course those who have reached a satisfactory standard are enrolled as members of the Corps and wear a special badge and beret. Some will work for timber merchants, others for the Home Timber Production Department of the Ministry of Supply. But they will all remain members of the Timber Corps, and the Department will be responsible for their welfare and for working conditions. This Suffolk centre provides training for 120 girls in each course

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THREE BOOKS FOR DIFFERENT MOODS

Two Authors and their Peripatetic Ponderings; A Victorian Family Album; A Novel of Wartime England

DURING the past three years Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. Hugh Kingsmill have managed to walk themselves into a very entertaining book, and to have gone their way round England with at least sufficient mental energy to have produced **THIS BLESSED PLOT** (Methuen. 8s. 6d.). Naturally, there was a little more talking than walking, and the homely train and humble bus were not disdained either when visiting Shakespeare's country or Hampstead Heath.

But walking in itself would never have produced this companionable book, which must have owed so much to those essential pauses between the purely muscular exertions. In other words, I suspect Messrs. Pearson and Kingsmill of being better talkers than walkers, and since this book is mainly a record of their conversations and discussions, I am grateful for it.

The original idea was a short holiday in the part of England that Shakespeare knew best, "drifting gradually towards Stratford, and piecing Shakespeare together" as they went. The first publisher they approached for approbation of this scheme soon began to show signs of incipient suffocation. "Piecing . . . Shakespeare . . . ? Together ? " was about as far as he got, when, after a brief silence, our authors acknowledged the deadlock with a "Well, Hamish, we must not take up your time," and moved off in, one imagines, decorous formation.

Nevertheless, they started out, but for Marlborough, where they discussed Dean Farrar, Cromwell and Talleyrand with a brief digression on the thwarted vanity of barmaids. Their various journeyings over nearly two score months followed no set plans and were only resumed at intervals, so that in spite of such reflections on Shakespeare as the phenomenon of the Great Western Railway seems to have produced, the recollections that historic places stirred in them hardly followed an expected plan. Thus Victoria Station suggested Charles Dickens, Chipperfield Common was good debating ground for Churchill and Whatlington in Sussex provided a (to them) logical argument on the pros and cons of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Irrepressibly, the cathedral calm of Gloucester was chosen as a fine background for a chat on Frank Harris, and Harrow-on-the-Hill brought back memories, not of Byron, but Belloc.

The kind of study that Mr. Pearson and Mr. Kingsmill have made of country life has apparently given them no practice in the arts of hedging. Either of them, and conceivably with the other's approval, will make the most controversial statement with the authority of a man who makes the final judgment on a subject. Thus: "The only decent act ever performed by a corporate body was when the London Philharmonic Society sent Beethoven a hundred pounds. It was a recognition of the fact that Beethoven ought to have been an Englishman." And "Gibbon bought his irony too cheap, and is, with Jane Austen, the favourite reading of a certain kind of academic prig, who likes to find persons of undoubted genius as preoccupied with cash and comfort as himself."

Mr. Kingsmill has a fine story of an interview he had as a young man with a distinguished Shakespearean scholar, in the course of which Kingsmill expounded his theories on the poet's amorous experiences. He talked volubly and enthusiastically, till the moment when, still radiating goodwill, he was shown gently towards the door. There was a slight pause then. "I felt," writes Kingsmill, "he had something to say. He had. 'Young man, what you need is a very good kicking.' The door closed."

Mr. Pearson, on the other hand, is reminded by a mention of Ireland that its people have a freedom from convention which he finds very refreshing. "What English son of toil," he asks, as an instance, "would call aloud to an English countess at a point-to-point meeting 'Och, your ladyship! May yer drawers never grow tighter on ye!' . . . I witnessed the salutation and felt that the Irish could teach us a lesson in democracy."

LIEUT. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jun., the son of the President of the U.S.A., at U.S. Naval Headquarters in London

And if any further proof is needed that these are two gentlemen who enjoy starting the hares of literary controversy, here they are on Kipling and Conan Doyle.

Kingsmill: "And in order to justify ranking Kipling above Doyle, people made the fantastic assumption that he wrote better short stories. Not only did he not write better stories than Doyle, he wrote worse stories than anyone else."

Pearson: "Isn't that a bit strongly put?"

Kingsmill: "I like that from you!"

Of the novels I have read this week, unquestionably the one that came closest to any claims to distinction was Miss Anne Meredith's **THE FAMILY MAN** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), a comfortable period piece with a late-Victorian setting and all the expected trimmings of domestic life at that time.

My only quarrel with this book was that, while competently written and evidently the expression of quiet but sincere feeling, it should have been so obvious in construction. That there should be no surprises is well and good, or, at any rate, understandable in a book of the type. But that the reader should be able, almost without exception, to plan each character's moves, and even each character's development at least a chapter ahead of the writer's intention, gives the story in its telling a certain flatness that was particularly regrettable in a story that was intrinsically without high lights.

The grandmother who accepts the quite undeserved veneration of the rest of the family is the prototype of all matriarchs—a fictional breed I am possibly alone in resenting—and the precocious, sensitive child grows inevitably into the precocious, sensitive prodigy that one had feared from page forty-nine. But in spite of these technical drawbacks, and the sense of seeing the construction too clearly through the overlay of narrative, this is a readable, tender and observant book, with at least two excellent portraits in it.

One of these suggested its title, and is best explained in the author's words as "a man of fifty-one who had made a profession of family life and been extremely successful." That he is an emotional charlatan of an unmistakable type is clearly, but delicately proved throughout the story's development. There are indications, but no more, that his wife's personality is equally bizarre, but here I think the author has scrimped a little, since she has been content to show this cool, withdrawn figure as one of those almost speechless enigmas who could, an she would, be devastatingly articulate.

Here the reader's goodwill is perilously taxed because Jane comes nearer to being a crashing bore than a sphinx from time to time, and that, I imagine, was scarcely the idea. The family live in one of those solid London houses with which fiction has familiarised those of us who cannot rely on memory.

The matriarch's outspoken wilfulness is only startling because it is against a background of such assured convention, and dinner is immutably at eight o'clock. Nevertheless, such a story as this, with a little more E. Nesbit to balance the G. B. Stern in the mixture, might have been an exceptional novel.

TOGETHER AND ALONE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a far leap in time and mood, from the reign of plenty to what might have been another reign of terror. England in the first two years of the war is its setting, and we need no fictional reminders to bring back those days. Curiously, and perhaps intentionally, Miss Mary Lutyens has not stressed the drama of a war background. With one or two exceptions, her little, indifferent cast of characters live their little lives untouched by any but their personal crises, and I think it is this that gives them such trivial meaning.

Until one bomb shatters or solves their particular problems, they are as remote from reality, as we have come to know it, as Miss Meredith's characters. The story is excellently told, but they don't really matter. It is a pity that such virtuosity should have been wasted on them, for the writer has a good sense of story-telling, and one could have wished that the people about whom she wrote were, not necessarily more profound or less ignoble, but, at any rate, more related to life, and more vital. They are neither bad nor good: they are utterly unimportant, and I am convinced that the same facility and skill could have made them no more than lay figures in a story of real merit.

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NEW LONDON STAGE SHOWS

Described by PHILIP PAGE

THE D'Oyly Carte Company are celebrating the centenary of the birth of Arthur Sullivan in a most practical and pleasurable way—by a season at the Prince's Theatre. To judge by the opening performance of *The Gondoliers*, this looks like being a "super" season on both sides of the footlights. There was a packed and enthusiastic house; on the stage, so far from there being any signs of war economy, there seemed to me to be a super-lavishness in the matter of costumes and decor, and the orchestra is both large and efficient. The way vast difficulties have been encountered and overcome is a matter for congratulation to all concerned. What is more important than anything is the all-round excellence of the company. If the female chorus are hardly comparable in appearance to, say, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, they can sing uncommonly well.

I thought Mr. Graham Clifford gave us a trifle too much of the low comedian as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, but he is nimble, and commendably distinct in his diction. The Grand Inquisitor has for years been played by Mr. Sydney Granville, whose performance is just perfection. There is a valuable find in Miss Margery Abbott, who can sing and act, and even has "glamour" (a rare quality in G. and S. casts). She will probably be snapped up for revue at a three-figure salary. But, for my part, I hope not.

"*Sky High.*"—This revue at the Phœnix is a typical twin-Hermione show. Both Miss Baddeley and Miss Gingold are well provided with material, but one Hermione makes rather better use of that material than the other. (How's that for playing for safety?) Mr. Walter Crisham has a macabre, and sometimes not wholly pleasant personality, but his cleverness as a revue artist is not to be questioned; he is a first-rate dancer, and can be extraordinarily funny, particularly as a choir-boy whose voice has just broken. Here he was helped by a very witty lyric, just as Mr. Naunton Wayne was handicapped by a witless (and tactless) one in a song about the Isle of Man.

That graceful creature, Miss Prudence Hyman, has never shown more exquisite poise. I regard her as far and away our best English dancer. Miss Zoe Gail is pretty, oomphish, and bursting with energy and vivacity. But she would be more effective if she put a brake on it a bit.

Russian Ballet.—Mr. Jay Pomeroy, who is now the main provider of fare for London's ballet-cum-opera taste, has transferred his energies and his clever company to the Cambridge Theatre, where he intends to remain permanently. Judging by the opening performance, this is indeed good news. He has three brilliant people to help him—M. Fistoulari, a fine conductor (with the London Symphony Orchestra to conduct), M. Hein Heckroth, in charge of the decor and costumes, which are exceptionally lovely; and Mr. Charles Moor, who was for so many years responsible for the stage production in the great old days at Covent Garden.

Of the three ballets on the opening night, I liked best *Fantaisie Russe*—an apt title—with music by Moussorgsky. But all were excellent and admirably danced by a mixed Russian and English company, with a bit of singing thrown in here and there. This is the nearest approach we can at present hope for to a Covent Garden season—and a most enjoyable substitute it is.

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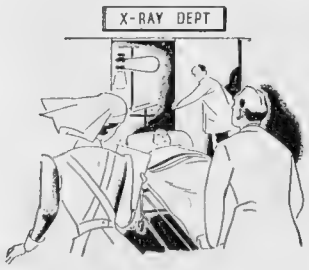

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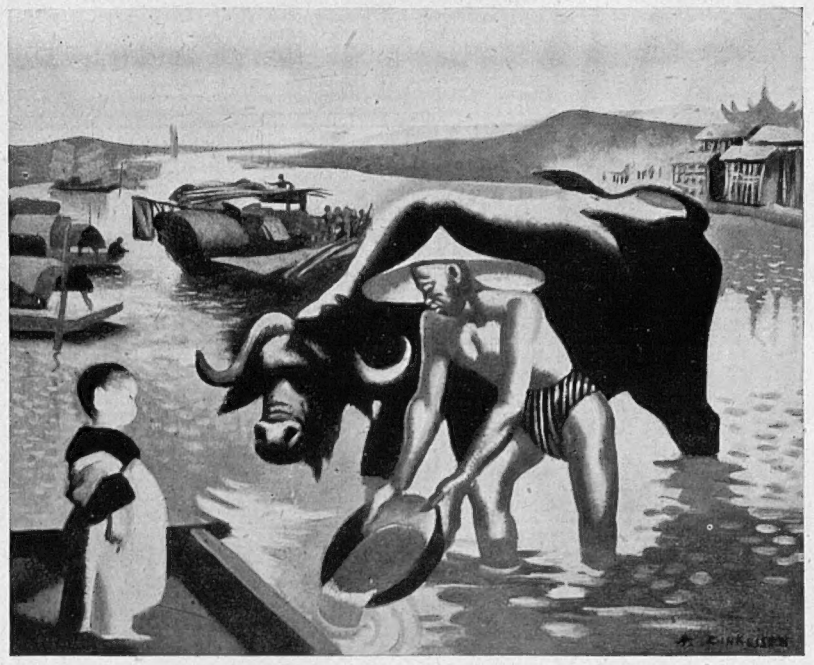

YELLOW RIVER

NOT the Yellow River of China—just any one of the many 'yellow' rivers of the Tropics. Man has always settled as near water as possible. To him it has meant life, and it is due to this instinctive reasoning that many rivers have been venerated as gods — Father Tiber and Mother Ganges — arbiters of life and death. The peoples who dwelt on their banks had no means of realizing that the same waters from which they drew their life brought also death, killing them in their thousands because they or their animals polluted them with the bacteria of cholera, dysentery, typhoid and other plague-causing diseases. Even in Europe and America, amid all the amenities of peacetime civilization, river and stream waters threaten the lives of millions of dwellers in the great cities. Fearful epidemics may be caused by infected drinking water. Diseases may be spread by contaminated swimming-baths. More than ever to-day do these dangers threaten the health of man, woman and child. Luckily the British chemist has developed weapons with which to meet them, particularly in the use of chlorine for the sterilization of water. Credit for its first systematic use for this purpose is due to the late Sir Alexander Houston who employed hypochlorite during a severe epidemic of typhoid at Lincoln in 1904. His successful treatment attracted attention all over the world. Later the use of chlorine gas in place of hypochlorite solutions was developed. This is the method mostly favoured nowadays. Chlorination is particularly valuable for troops in the field and in areas where the water supply has become contaminated through enemy action. The British chemist is constantly at work improving methods for maintaining the health of the nation by ensuring that its water supplies are safe. The British chemical industry — the first in the world to manufacture chlorine upon a commercial scale — can be relied upon to provide an adequate supply of both chlorine and hypochlorites.

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"Letters are a big help," says this energetic collector, "but you must follow them up by calling soon afterwards. I started just by going round the different houses. That didn't work very well—people were out or they thought I was selling something. So Dad had a letter typed for me, and I sent copies to the whole road, then called two days later. This time members rolled in—there are 35 houses and 20 joined right away. Two or three people in some houses, so that I had about 40 members to begin with, and got £3 13s. the first week. Now I have 60 members, and we average £10 a week.

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"The people? Oh, all sorts. Three Irish maids are among my most regular savers, and one of them put me in touch with a Dutch Officer living in the house where she works. I have a Canadian and a whole Chinese family in my group, too, and I help a Greek lady who runs a Savings Group of her own. After all, we're Allies, aren't we?"

* * *

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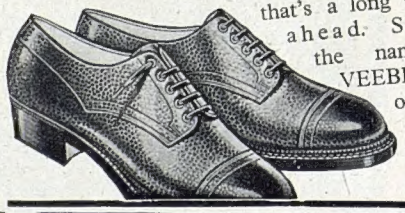

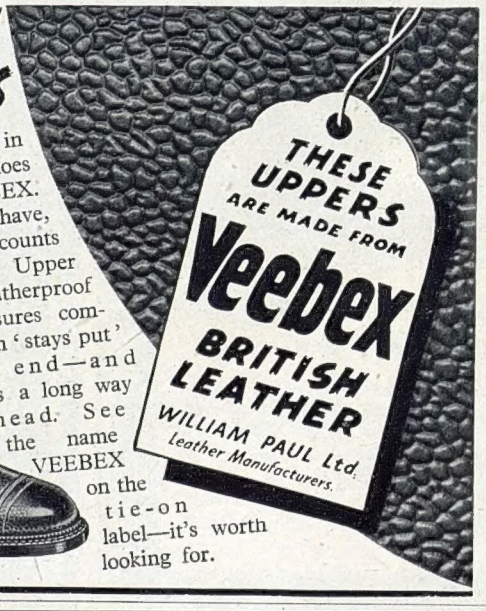

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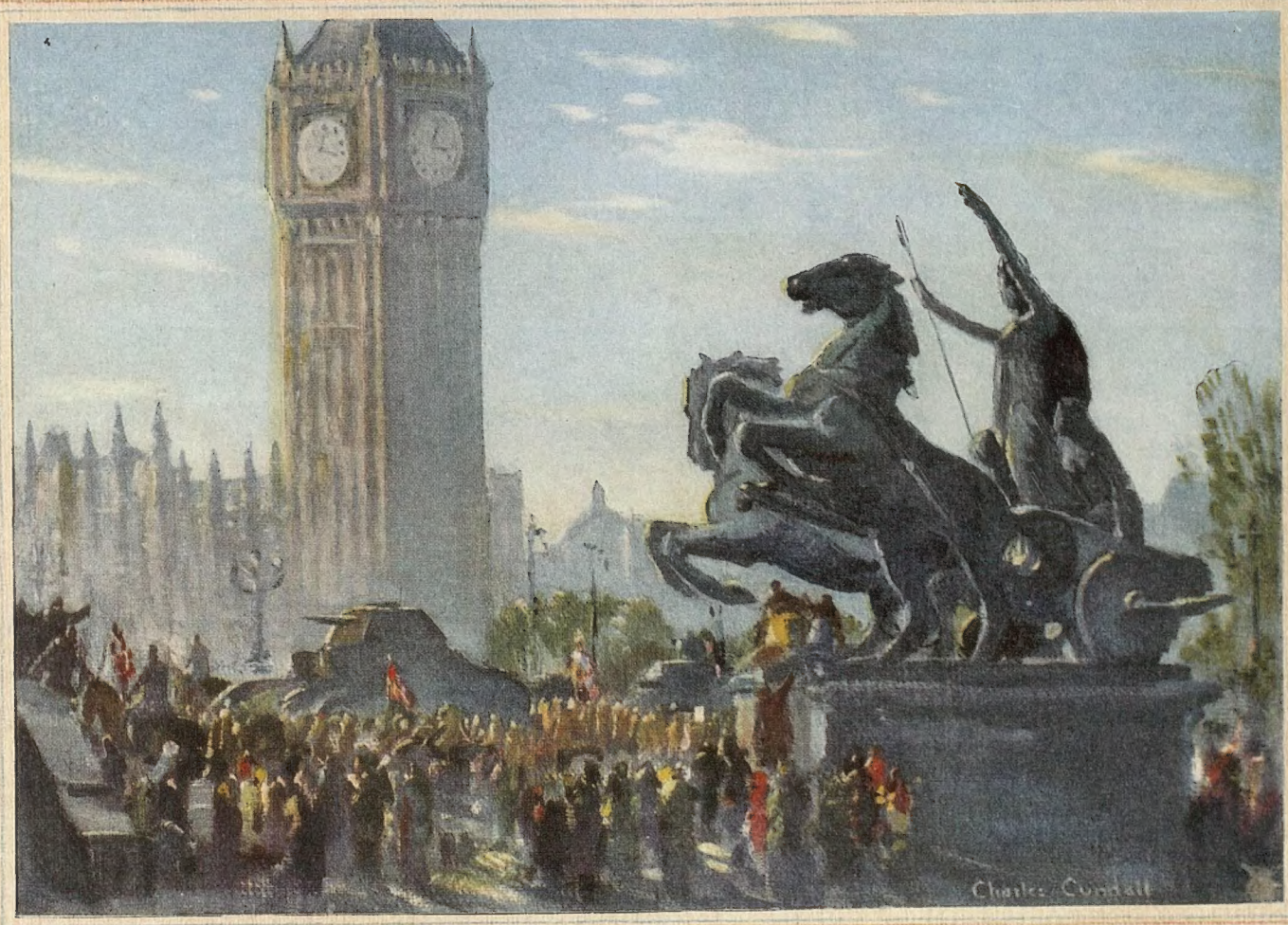

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1942. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.